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COLUMBINE TRAGEDY EXPOSED

THE TRENCH COAT DIARIES

THE KILLERS TELL WHY THEY DID IT!!

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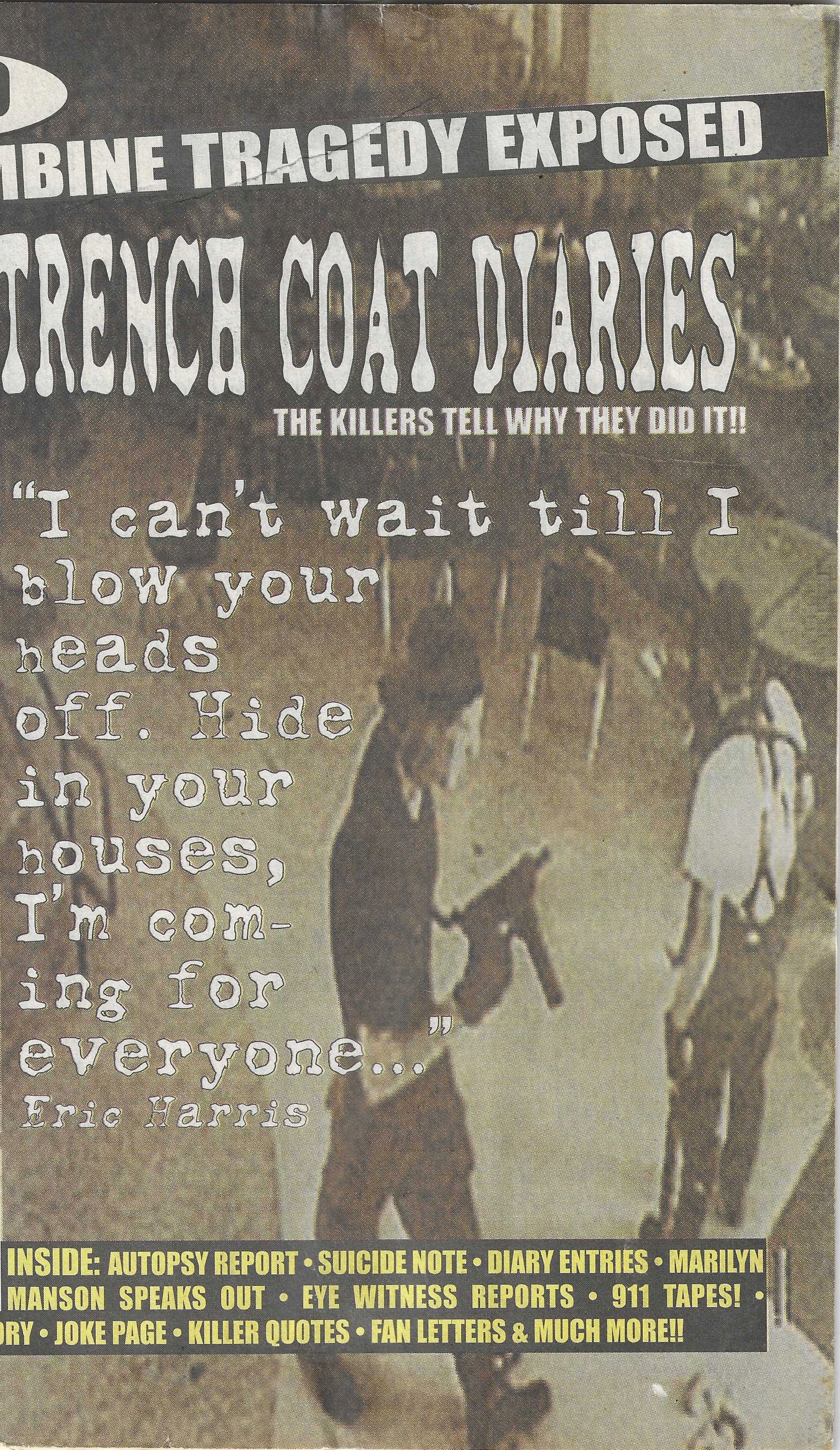
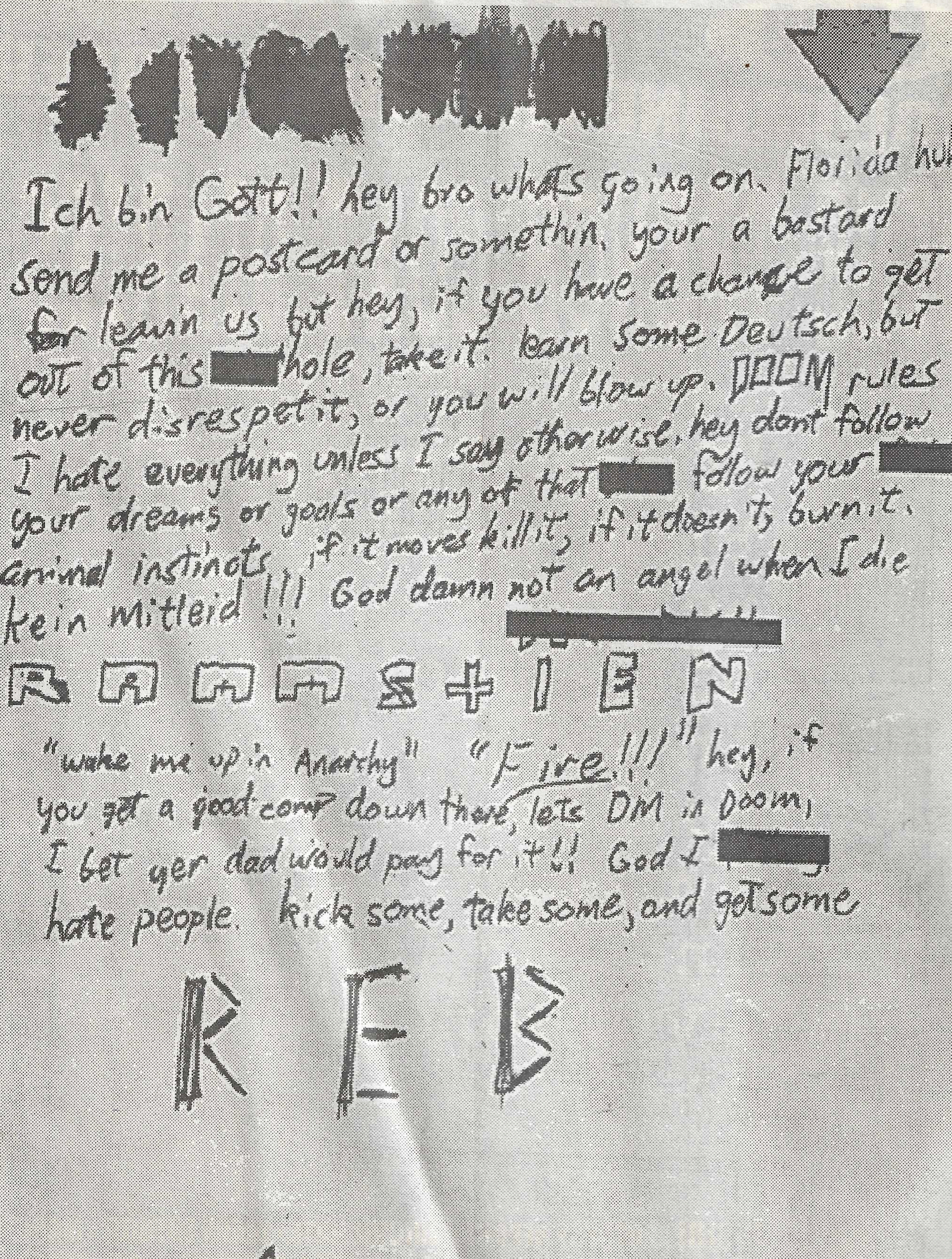


"I can't wait till I blow your heads off. Hide in your houses, I'm coming for everyone..."
Eric Harris

INSIDE: AUTOPSY REPORT • SUICIDE NOTE • DIARY ENTRIES • MARILYN MANSON SPEAKS OUT • EYE WITNESS REPORTS • 911 TAPES! • CONSPIRACY THEORY • JOKE PAGE • KILLER QUOTES • FAN LETTERS & MUCH MORE!!



[redacted]

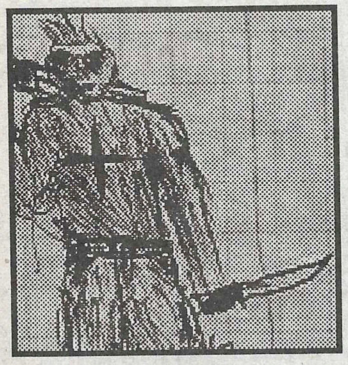
Ich bin Gott!! hey bro whats going on. Florida huh.
Send me a postcard or somethin. your a bastard
~~for~~ leavin us but hey, if you have a change to get
out of this [redacted] hole, take it. learn some Deutsch, but
never disrespet it, or you will blow up. DOOM rules
I hate everything unless I say otherwise. hey dont follow
your dreams or goals or any of that [redacted] follow your [redacted]
animal instincts, if it moves kill it, if it doesn't, burn it.
kein Mitleid!!! God damn not an angel when I die
[redacted]

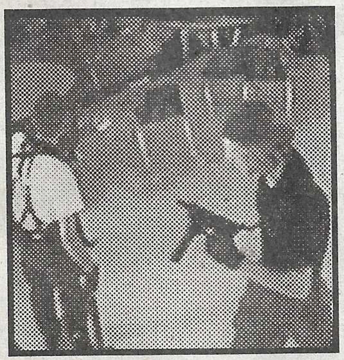
RAMMSTIEN

"wake me up in Anarchy" "Fire!!!" hey, if
you get a good comp down there, lets DM in Doom,
I bet yer dad would pay for it!! God I [redacted]
hate people. kick some, take some, and get some

REB

YEARBOOK ENTRIE LEFT BY ERIC HARRIS





Only one thing is for certain...
On April 20, 1999, 15 people lost their lives, and dozens of others were maimed, injured, and otherwise devastated in the worst school shooting to date. It has become known as The Columbine Massacre.
Anything beyond these general facts is open for debate, the news media has reported, and then contradicted, many facts in this case.
Hours worth of school surveillance footage has not been released, nor have the pre-Massacre videos recorded by the suspects. Worst of all, at the time of this printing - May 2000, no official report has been released. More than a year after the incident, the investigation has still not settled the facts, as evidence, and witnesses continue to disappear - crime, murder and suicide has sky rocketed in this sleepy suburban town.
This video and book set uncovers exclusive information, never before seen photos, diary entries, and first hand accounts from those who knew them best - members of the Trench Coat Mafia! Was it cold blooded murder, a government cover-up, or just plain madness? The answers are here.

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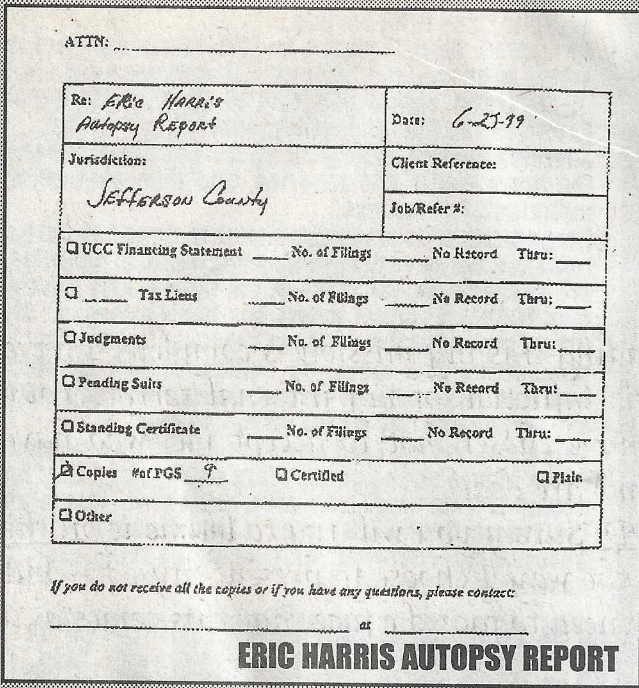

ATTN: ____________

Re: Eric Harris's Autopsy Report	Date: 6-23-99
Jurisdiction: Jefferson County	Client Reference:
	Job/Refer #:

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ERIC HARRIS AUTOPSY REPORT

HISTORY: This is the case of an 18-year-old, white male who was the alleged victim of a self inflicted gunshot wound to the head that occured in the Columbine High School library on 4/20/99. No other history is available at the time of autopsy.

EXTERNAL EXAMINATION: The body is clothed in a blood stained white T-shirt with the inscription "Natural Selection" on the front; green plaid jockey shorts; black combat boots; white sock; and a black glove on the right hand with the fingers cut away.

HEIGHT: Is measured at 5'8"-1/2"

WEIGHT: Is estimated at 135-140 pounds

HEAD: The scalp is covered by short, blood stained, black hair. The normal contour of the head is prominently distorted by extensive laceration of the scalp and associated massive fracturing of the cranium. Present in the mid-aspect of the lower forhead and extending downward to involve the bridge of the nose; is a blow out type of laceration measuring 3" in length by 2" in width.... Present to both of the ears are vertical lacerations. The one on the right measures 1-1/2 in length the one on the left measures 3/4 , and these are consistent with blow-out injuries from a gunshot wound involving the mouth.... EYES- the eyebrows are brown. The orbits are distorted by fracturing of the underlying skeleton. The right iris is grey; the left is hazel..... Palpating the face reveales massive fracturing of the facial bones.... . MOUTH- there are several lacerations invoving the corners of both sides of the mouth; the largest of which is on the right side, measuring 1/2 in length. There are multiple mucosal laceration measuring 1/2 in length..... There is a dense powder (scot) staining the mucosal surface of the hard palate. There is a large cavitary defect involving the roof of the mouth, including the hard palate, the soft palate, extending upwards involving the nasal pharynx and nasal passages, communicating directly into the base of the skull. This represents a contact entrance high energy gunshot wound. Present on the lateral surface of both sides of the face are brown whiskers.

"By now it's over. If you are reading this my mission is complete. I have finished revolutionizing the neoeuphoric infliction of my internal terror. Your children who have ridiculed me, who have chosen not to accept me, who have treated me like I am not worth their time are dead.

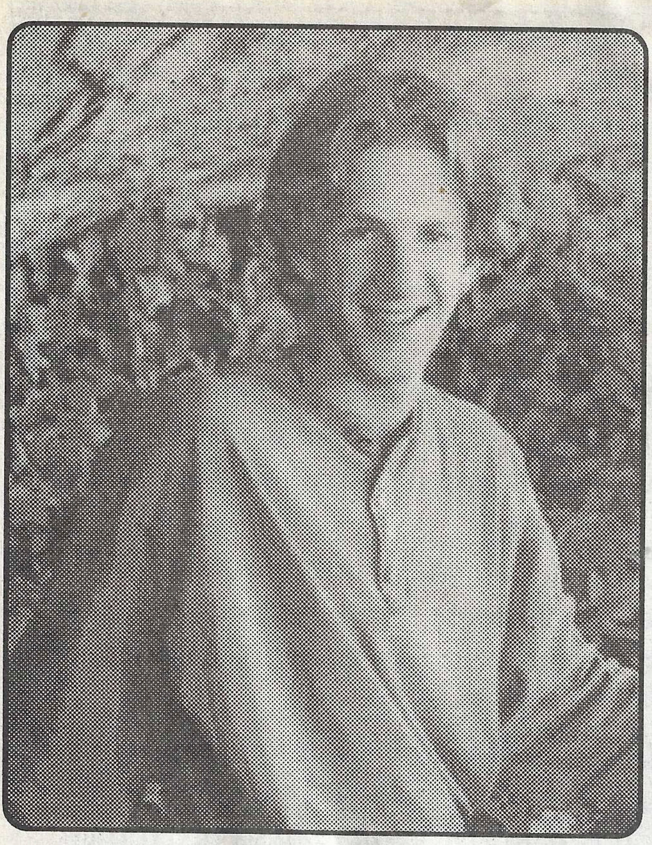
THEY ARE FUCKING DEAD. Surely you will try to blame it on the clothes I wear, the music I listen to, or the way I choose to present myself -- but no. Do not hide behind my choices. You need to face the fact that this comes as a result of YOUR CHOICES.

Parents and Teachers, YOU FUCKED UP. You have taught these kids to be gears and sheep. To think and act like those who came before them, to not accept what is different. YOU ARE IN THE WRONG. I may have taken their lives and my own -- but it was your doing.

Teachers, Parents - LET THIS MASSACRE BE ON YOUR SHOULDERS UNTIL THE DAY YOU DIE. Am I insane? Maybe. Is it my fault? No. I did not choose this life, but I have indeed chosen to exit it. You may think the horror ends with the bullet in my head -- but you wouldn't be so lucky.

All that I can leave you with to decipher what more extensive death is to come is "12Skizto." You have until April 26th. Goodbye."

Eric Harris, April 19th



Dylan Bennet Klebold

Sept. 9, 1981- April 20, 1999

FULL NAME: **Dylan Bennet Klebold**
ALIAS: **VoDkA, friends give him the nickname after he guzzled an entire bottle**
BIRTHDATE: **September 9,1981**
BIRTHPLACE: **Lakewood, Colorado**
PARENTS: **Tom and Susan Klebold**
SIBLINGS: **Older brother; Byron**
HEIGHT: **6'3"**
WEIGHT: **180 lbs**
CAR: **Red BMW 325i w/ NIN bumper sticker**
HOBBIES: **Bowling, internet, computers, Doom and Quake**
SMOKED: **Marlboro Menthols & sometimes cigars**
FAV FOOD: **Scrambled egg pizzaLaunguages**
SPOKEN: **English, German and French**
INTERESTS: **Doom, Quake, computers, and bowling**

~Liked the beats to the music and considered being a drummer
~Used to play baseball
~Was on a fantasy baseball team
~Did well in school. He got B's and C's
~Planned to attend the University of Arizona
~Dream girl was Uma Thurman
~Was a fan of the Boston Red Sox
~A former member of the cub scouts
~Had 2 cats named Rocky and Lucky

DYLAN KLEBOLD
Dylan Klebold

"I'm going to kill you all. You ve been giving us shit for years."
...Dylan Klebold

Eric David Harris

April 9,1981- April 20,1999

__FULL NAME:__ **Eric David Harris**

__ALIASES:__ **Erik, REB, Rebldomaker, Reb DoMinE, LCaress, rebdoomer**

__PARENTS:__ **Wayne N. Harris, Kathy Harris**

__BORN:__ **April 9, 1981**

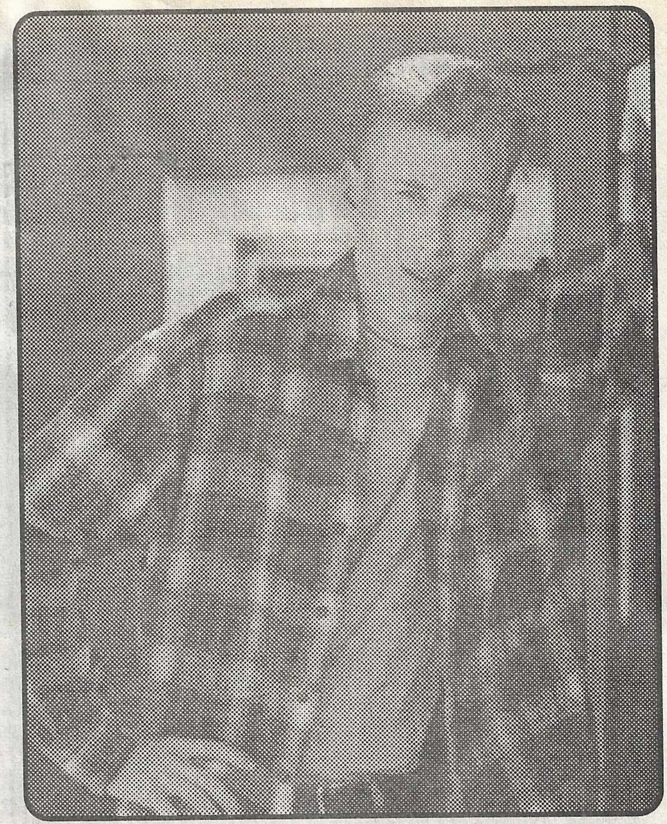
__SIBLINGS:__ **Older brother: Kevin Harris, Into Sports**

__HEIGHT:__ **5'9"**

Eric Harris
Eric Harris

"Everyday you pass me and make fun of me saying Rammstien sucks. Why do you do this crap asshole? What did I do to you?"

...Eric Harris



__WEIGHT:__ **140 lbs**

__MEDICATION:__ **Luvox; an antidepressant/also used for Obsessive Compulsive Disorder**

__HOBBIES:__ **Internet,Doom,Quake, bowling, Manson,German things & reading**

__CAR:__ **Black Honda Prelude**

__SMOKED:__ **Camel Reds & sometimes cigars**

__FAV FOOD:__ **Pepperoni and green pepper pizza**

__LAUNGUAGES SPOKEN:__ **English and German**

__INTERESTS:__ **Doom, Quake, computers, weapons, and bowling**

~Used to play soccer and baseball

~Worked at Blackjack Pizza, and before that he worked at a fireworks stand

~Did very well in school. He got A's and B's

~Wanted to join the Marines

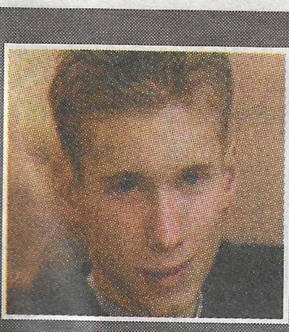
~Had a dog named Sparkey, who had seizures. Eric would take time off work when Sparky was sick.

EYE WITNESS ACCOUNT

My name is Zach Johnston. I am a student at Columbine High school in Jefferson County Colorado. I will try to explain from my personal point of view what happened to my school on April 20, 1999. Sorry if the grammar is below average, I really do not care. I will express my views as well as feelings about this seemingly unavoidable tragedy:

I woke up at 6:10 a.m. on April 20, 1999. I had a fairly bad cold and a soar throat. I didn't feel like going to school but since my friend was picking me up I didn't want to make her drive for nothing. She arrived at my house and we proceeded to go to school at Columbine Senior High. Since April 20 is 4:20, it was a day that many students were supposed to love and enjoy for various reasons. Various people told me "Happy 4:20 Zach!" and "its 4:20 and I have an important date with you know who."

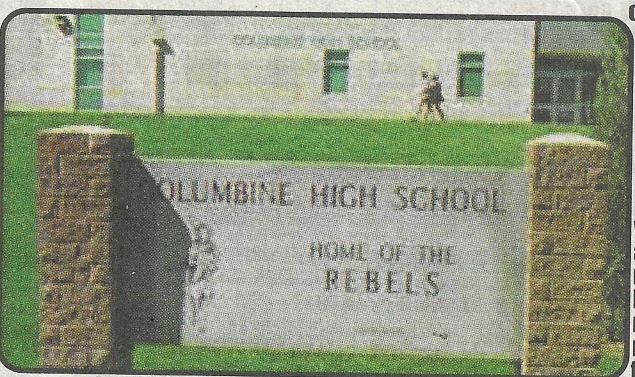
The day seemed pretty normal. I think I faired well on my math test and we watched Cyrano De Bergerac in World Studies. After math I rushed to my locker to meet a friend so we could go out for lunch. The time was precisely 11:00, we headed to my house because I didn't feel so well and wanted to take some Tylenol. At about 11:30 we headed back for school. We were headed north on Pierce when suddenly we saw a police cruiser in the middle of the road beside a cargo van and a little Mazda. I figured "oh well another accident that could have been prevented and everyone is overreacting." I had no idea how wrong I was. I told the person driving to head in the Woodmar neighborhood so we could get to school using my "stealth" route. We were then passed by a bunch of kids in a White Cherokee who were honking and waving their arms at us. I thought to myself "Crap they wanna beat me up, and we can't get away because her car is too slow" Then they honked at everyone else so I felt a lot better. I then told her to try a different way to school. We headed north on Wadsworth then turned and went on Bowles where we eventually got to Pierce the street my school is one. This is where I knew something was very wrong.



Pierce was blocked off from this side of school as well. As we waited in a crowded intersection, cops desperately tried to guide traffic, I saw a horde of my fellow students running towards us. I yelled at a girl I knew and asked her what happened. She said, "Some guys in black charged into school and just shot everyone!!!" I saw hundreds of parents who somehow found out about all this. They were running every which way trying to find their sons and daughters. It was a terribly disturbing sight. I remember specifically one little girl from my choir class crying about how she saw her friend get shot. My first thought was to get home as quickly as possible to call my Mom since I knew she would find out about all this before I would, so I did just that.

We did a U turn and headed back to my house. I live about 1 mile from the school and counted 35 police cars passing us as we drove. Ambulances and police cars barging over medians, motorcycle cops weaving through opposite traffic almost killing themselves. It's actually quite amazing that police units can do such wide fishtails and keep control. By the time I got home and called my mom to tell her I was okay, the thought of what was happening hadn't quite sunk in yet. My friend called her mom and aunt and stuff. When she got off the phone, she told me her brother and cousin were still in the school somewhere. Her brother later called and said he got out but her cousin was still inside.

I ran into the family room and turned on the TV. Every station was covering the situation at my school. Several stations had Ariel shots that amazed me. Of course, the media blurted out a bunch of crap about the situation that they knew nothing of, and basically made stuff up as they went along. I never knew how much the media is full of crap about things until they talk about stuff I know about personally.



I live on top of a huge hill overlooking the entire Denver Metro Area and could see the school in the distance. I counted 5 helicopters and 2 planes circling the premises. I could also see Clement Park where tons of parents desperately searched to find their children. The southwest side is the part of the school I could view. The Library and Cafeteria are both on this side. Apparently this is where all the action was taking place. The entire southwest side of the school is a huge glass window. Several windows were shattered. This is basically all I could see from here.

The TV said that there were still 900 some odd students left in the school with the gunmen. This is about half the population of the student body. While I watched and wondered what was happening, I knew in my heart who was responsible for this massacre. About a month ago my friends and I went out to lunch. After lunch, we had the same World History class, so we would talk together. We would often pass these 2 kids who wore trench coats. Everyone referred to them as the "Trench Coat Mafia". My friend referred to them as the "RammStein Boyz". Whatever you wanted to call them, you could tell they were different.

One day, my friend snarled a remark about Rammstein under his breath as we passed these 2 guys. The short one who was named Eric Harris confronted my friend about it. He said "Everyday you pass me and make fun of me saying Rammstien sucks. Why do you do this crap asshole? What did I do to you?" My friend replied "Oh man, you're so cool, you're my idol!" Then Eric's friend Dylan approached us seeming to back up his friend. I really didn't want to get involved in a fight even though I knew these guys wouldn't stand a chance. I was afraid of things they might do to us. Eric was a short clean cut looking kid, and Dylan was a very tall skinny guy *a short clean cut looking kid, and Dylan was a very tall skinny guy with messed up hair. He always wore the trench coat, a hat and dark sunglasses. The bell rang, and they left, and we went into class.* That was the end of the confrontation.

When I got my facts straight and figured out that 2 gunmen entered the school and killed several people I knew, I figured the Trench Coat Mafia was responsible. Many helpless crying people said they recognized them as this group. I was shocked to understand that my hunch was correct. They showed the pictures of Eric Harris and Dylan on TV. Once I saw their pictures, I knew they had no demands or intent to leave Columbine High school alive.

This is the way I think it happened. I have heard several stories from the media, friends, and others, but put this one together myself...

Eric and Dylan didn't go to school on Tuesday April 20, 1999. They did attend bowling class early in the morning though. Instead, they entered the student parking lot at 11:00. Eric in his black prelude, and Dylan in his black BMW 325 that the media is trying to say makes him a rich, privileged kid. It's a crappy early 80s one, and if you know what I mean about early Beemers, they do suck.

They must have taken a few minutes to booby trap their cars and a few other cars as well. Once they were fully suited up they open fire on kids heading out in the parking lot that were going to lunch. Some sources say they had body armor strapped to themselves. They threw bombs outside and one even blew up his car. After shooting outside, they charged into the Cafeteria where they must have sprayed bullets everywhere. After shooting in the Cafeteria, they ran up the stairs, shot people in the Oh-so-familiar halls of Columbine High School, then entered the Library. Of course, they threw bombs all over the place inside as well.

COLUMBINE SHOOTING

Nobody knows as of yet how long they were in the Library. Some kids go there during their lunch hour to study or get work done. My guess is about 30 kids were in the library, as usual that day. They charged into the Library, shot some people then stopped. I heard stories of kids who escaped the library. They said that the 2 gunmen told all the jocks to stand up because "they are dead!" the gunmen also claim to hate minorities as well, I think that is bullshit.

I Think they wanted to kill everyone they could. I heard a story from one girl who said that one of them pulled out a knife and said "I have always wanted to kill someone with a knife." Then he put it away for some reason. I have a feeling it was Eric who said this. I think they shot people hiding under tables execution style. People say they would laugh after they killed someone. I guess when they figured they had enough "fun", they took their own lives. I don't know whether they were in the library for 5 minutes or 5 hours. After they shot themselves, a few survivors in the library ran out.

I guess as the gunmen were entering the school, people could hear the gunshots and explosions. Take my word for it, my school is huge, so authorities didn't know where to go. I guess Mr. Sanders was one of several teachers who was trying to guide students out of the school, or at least to a secure area within. He was unfortunately shot, but managed to stagger to a nearby science room where one of my friend's cousin was hiding. He walked in bloody and dying, he passed out, fell down and broke his jaw. My friend's cousin tried to keep his air passage open for some amount of time. They say he sat up but fell down again a few times. A few hours passed, and the SWAT team barged into the room and cleared everyone out. They said that Mr. Sanders had to be left there since he was unable to be kept conscious. It was shortly after this time that I believe Mr. Sanders, my keyboarding teacher, died. He was also a girl's Basketball coach and a business teacher.

Across the hall from the science room, there was the Choir room, where 60 students stayed for 3 hours. Some moved ceiling tiles to get fresh air in. A SWAT team eventually got them out as well.A guy named Nick, was somewhere in the school. He got into the ceiling and crawled to try to get out. The ceiling gave in and he fell 20 ft. He was luckily toward the front of the school, far opposite from where Eric and Dylan were, so he was taken to safety.

I remember seeing one student at a window. Obviously shot several times. It appeared that he was trying to jump out the 2nd story library window and end his pain. It was the most disturbing and moving sight I have ever witnessed in my life. SWAT members grabbed him and carried him off to safety. As he was taken from the window, his blood drenched sock touched the wall and smeared all over. I felt immense sadness after seeing this particular scene. The first version I saw was this kid trying to jump and kill himself, I later saw a better angle that showed the boy being pulled from the window. I guess the retard news crew cut off the scene right before the hands of the SWAT members came into view. I learned later that His name is Patrick, a kid I have known since 2nd grade. (He once made fun of me for buying Reebok Pumps in 3rd grade because they were 5 sizes too big)

During the entire siege, SWAT teams entered the school at various places and rushed to get my classmates out. For all they knew, they were rushing into the school with guns drawn and the killers could be anywhere. But, I knew that these 2 gunmen weren't silly kids influenced by games, and tv. They were trained and had planned out this entire day. Brooks, a student I had choir class with explained how he knew people involved in this "Trench Coat Mafia". At the time he spoke to me about them, it had nothing to do with anything. It was just a random conversation that took place several months ago. He told news crews that every time somebody messed with them or teased them, they would go home and plan this thing out. It wasn't something they did after a good day at school according to Brooks, who had no part in it.

About a year ago, I worked at a movie theatre with one of the Trench Coat Mafia kids. I won't list his name since I don't think he had anything to do with this. He would constantly complain about rich jocks and other stuff that is common to hear. I figured to myself "just an angry kid venting some anger." Then one night, he came into work and told me he had been chased in his car by so and so. Well, turns out so and so were athletes from my school who don't seem to have anything better do to than torment this dude.

I can see why the fellow I worked with hated Columbine High School. I can safely say that I don't think he took part in the Terror that was created a few days ago. I don't think he was a corrupt kid either. I think that Eric and Dylan were the only ones involved that I knew about. Although now police are saying they found 30

explosive devices in backpacks, under bodies, and inside lockers, so they probably were not in it alone. These devices had been planted before the gunmen entered the school.
If other members of this "Trench Coat Mafia" were treated like my past co-worker, then this is their only "motive" for doing what they did a few days ago. They were 2 outcast kids that were constantly made fun of, and they finally snapped. What they were thinking before they performed this horror will never be conceivable to anyone. It had nothing to do with Doom or Quake, TV or movies, it is all pain inside their heads that they couldn't deal with. Some blame parents, other students, the NRA, or whatever. No! They weren't man enough to deal with their misfortunes, so they took the easy way out.
During the disaster at my school the names of the dead where withheld for various reasons. Having an idea who was in that library was the worst feeling I have ever had to deal with. A friend told me that Patrick had been shot. He was alive and taken to the hospital. Another person told me that Rachel Scott was dead. I remember Rachel being a very warm, caring, a funny person. She was an actor, a singer, and had a long future ahead of her. It was all brought to a halt. I remember when we were sophomores when we had to dissect these baby pig fetus'. She was really scared and shaking when they put the pig down in the dissection tray, so I tied 2 strings to the pigs arms and made it dance around and sing songs. She thought it was really funny and soon started cutting this poor dead pig apart in all kinds of strange ways. She was also a very talented singer. She was an alto in my choir class when we were sophomores. I heard that the gunmen didn't actually go through the front of the cafeteria, but instead walked around, and up the stairs where the media showed footage of all the kids running out of the school. I believe that the gunmen entered the upper doors where Rachel and a boy name Richard were. Richard was quickly gunned down, but didn't die. Richard says that he heard the gunmen ask Rachel if she believed in god, she said "yes" and they soon ended her life.

> "When I got my facts straight and figured out that 2 gunmen entered the school and killed several people I knew, I figured the Trench Coat Mafia was responsible."

The most painful of all was knowing that a girl named Cassie was in the library at this time for sure. I was absolutely sure she was in the library when the gunmen entered....
When I was a sophomore, I noticed a new girl in class. Apparently her name was Cassie and she was very pretty and quiet. At the time I didn't take much notice to her since my attention was usually drawn to Ms. Haggard who always caught me mouthing off or doing something I shouldn't have been doing. Then we were given an assignment where you had to pick a partner and write about something I cannot remember. I was absent when we chose partners, so I wrote about how I loved snowboarding. Each group of 2 had to stand up and read their paper. I read mine and as usual was yelled at by Ms. Haggard for screwing around and not writing about the correct topic. Then Cassie stood up and read her paper alone because she didn't have a partner. It was about how she was new in Columbine High School and she tried to explain how unfair it was to have to do a partner assignment when you don't know anybody. She read her paper with great confidence and didn't care what anyone thought. After she sat down, some students grumbled and whispered negative comments. Two of my friends even took part in this sickening display, but not I. There was something about this girl that wrote this paper that caused me to stay quiet. I wanted to approach her and talk to her every day of that semester after she read that paper, but I never did. I have never had a problem going up and talking to someone in my entire life until she came along. Weeks past, then months, then the semester ended.
Years past, and I'd still see Cassie in the hall periodically. Then a few months ago, a girl I knew who is friends with Cassie told me I should talk to her because she said Cassie is really nice. I still had this fear of talking to her. I didn't understand it. I could probably go up to my principal and recite every bad word I knew, but I couldn't even say "Hi!" to this girl. Well, one day, and I think somebody planned this, I was after school in the photo room making up work, when she walked in. I figured "what the heck?" and went over and talked to her. I suppose she somehow knew that I liked her. She turned out to be one of, if not, the coolest person I have ever spoken with. I could tell she was nervous because she probably thought I was some sort of freak for telling her I remember a paper she can't even remember writing. I didn't get any work done that day, but I didn't care. After time, she became more open and we talked more. After this, I didn't really know where to go. I would greet her in the hall for the last time a few minutes before she entered the library on April 20th, 1999.

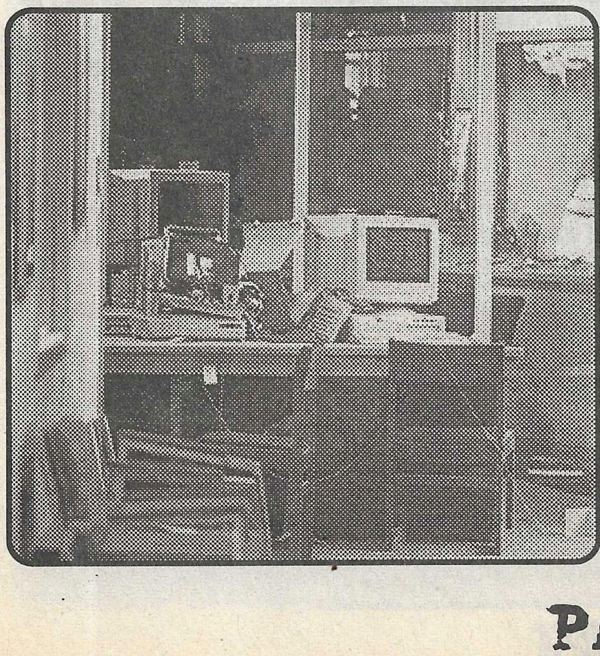
I have terrible regrets dealing with Cassie in particular. I have no idea, and will probably never know how long she was held in that library until either Eric or Dylan pulled the trigger without even thinking twice. One survivor from the library told me that when the gunmen got to her and held a gun to her head, they asked her is she believed in god. She stood up quickly and screamed "YES, I BELIEVE IN JESUS!" and they killed her. She may have been one of the hostages destined to die by the hand of one of the gunmen. I felt truly horrible when her name and picture flashed on my screen on April 21st, 1999. I hoped beyond belief that I would have become close friends with her before that day. Now this is impossible.
Isaiah was a senior who I never knew at all. He seemed to be a cool guy. He was black and an athlete, so if he was in that library, there is no doubt that the gunmen would target him. He probably would have had a long life to live. His dad kept his composure while talking about Isaiah on the TV. Hard to imagine.
Mark is a boy that I have known since Kindergarten. He has a twin brother named Mike. Mark was born with a defect in his leg and arm. He couldn't run at all, but he could walk, and he could only use one of his hands. He was in that library and was shot 2 times in the head, and 2 times in the neck. He somehow survived. I can only imagine that he will be even more disabled the rest of his life. This sickens me. He sat in front of me in choir the day he was shot, but by the time high school came around, I was no longer friends with him. I remember how he had dreams of being a race car driver when he grew up. I wonder if he still had this hope when he was in that library.
There were countless other victims both injured and killed by Eric and Dylan 2 days ago. I am the sort of person who strives to be in control. Total control is my life goal. Watching the TV that day seeing what the Gunmen had been doing, I felt helpless. It is the first time in my adult life that I have ever felt that there was nothing I could do. My dad was specifically worried that I would have been in school that day and probably tried something stupid to stop/kill The gunmen. I would have to agree with him on this one. I look back at the time Eric and Dylan approached me and my friends, and I wish I would have had someway of knowing that they would do something like this. I probably would have taken personal action to make sure it didn't happen.
The thought of friends like Mark, Rachel, and Cassie, being victims of this crime haunts me constantly. But one thing sticks in my mind more than anything...As we were driving out of the parking lot at school to go to lunch, I saw Dylan and his old 325i. He was entering the school like nothing was going to happen. Then I made eye contact with him for a split second, and he looked at me with no emotion. I truly had no idea he was soon going to perform the most horrible school massacre in history.

ANOTHER STUDENT DESCRIBES THEIR STORY...

At the time of the shooting, I was in the lunch room. I was eating my lunch. Everything was fine that day, me and a few friends were discussing Prom and stuff. Until we saw Mr. Sanders with a very serious and grim look on his face and he shouted for everyone to get out...we all ran towards the stairs, as we heard gunshots. At that time, I didn't know that Mr. Sanders had been shot down. He was a good teacher, I had him for keyboarding. A bunch of us got out of the school and saw tons of police cars, ambulances, and SWAT team. It was chaotic. We could hear explosions from outside. My friend had a cell phone and we called our parents to tell them we were OK. We waited outside as kids came pouring out of the school screaming with their hands up. I looked around to find some people who were my friends and found a couple.

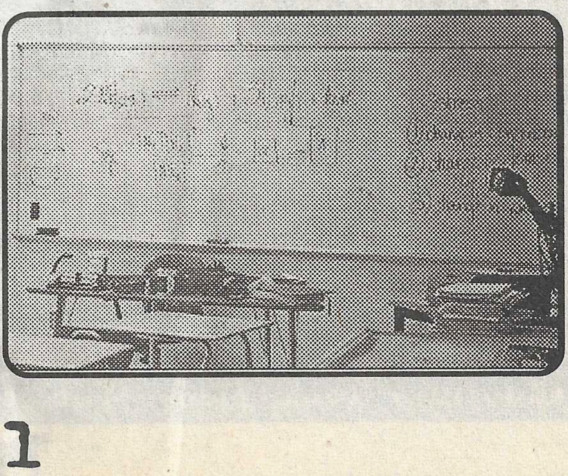
At the time, I didn't know that one of my best friends was trapped inside. I will tell you what she told me. She was trapped inside the bathroom. Her and some others sat in there for hours hearing gunshots, footsteps, laughter and even one of the gunmen's' voices. She said they all were quiet and very, very scared. They huddled inside stalls being as quiet as they could. After a few hours, and a moment or two of silence, the SWAT team came and rescued them. As she left the school, she had to walk by some victims. She saw 2 bodies. They were drenched in a pool of blood. She said she felt like she was going to pass out. Everyone felt the same way. I would call it shock. The killings were gruesome and nasty.

I think that everyone should STOP blaming guns, music, television, computer games, etc. Dylan and Eric did this mainly because they were pissed off. Pissed off at the world for the way they were treated. They even said why they did it, yet everyone wants to blame other things that aren't even the reason. Anyone who has gone to high school should be able to see that kids are MEAN, especially the popular ones, and if you aren't exactly like them, you are nothing, and they make sure you get treated like it. I'm not saying ALL popular people are like this, but some are. This, I believe, is the reason the gunmen did what they did. In a sick way, I feel sorry for them and their feelings of despair. I hope in the future, people will open their eyes and teach their children to respect others, and so on and so forth.

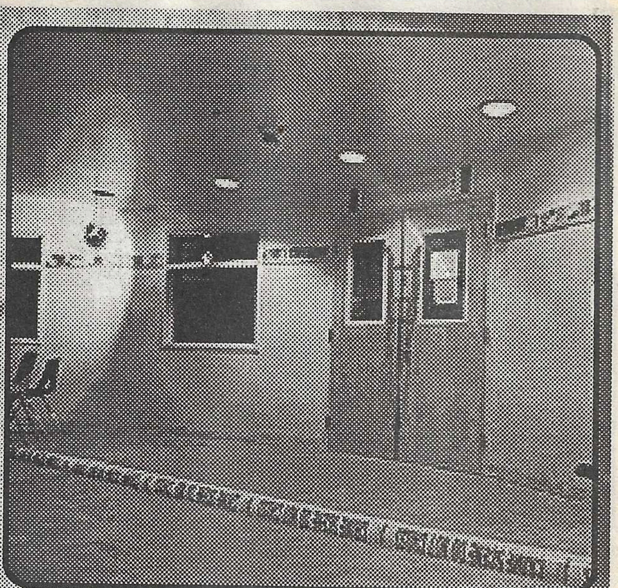


Thank you for giving me this chance to tell the world what happened and how I feel about it.

Name withheld.
Littleton, CO



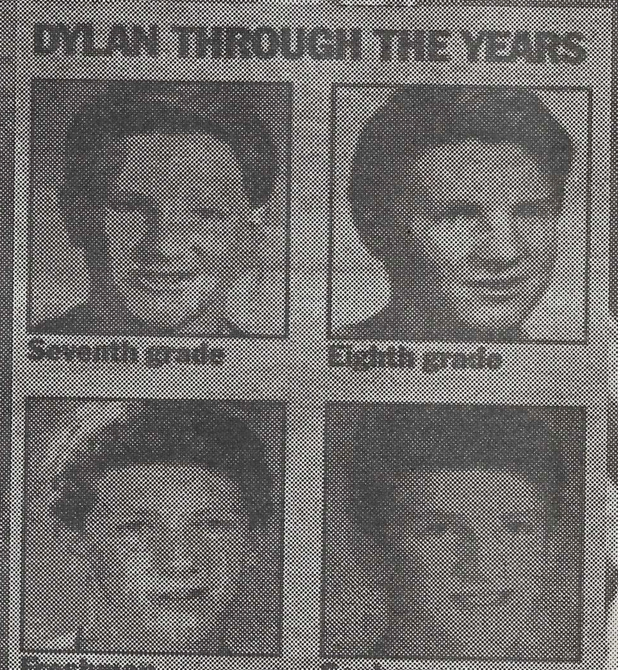
"We walked over bodies lying everywhere. People that we knew and loved were lying dead there. My friends, some were dead, it made me want to leave. How did I know the killers didn't want their next victim to be me? This really makes me think as I lie in bed crying. Can't we do something to stop those innocent kids from dying? We can all make a difference if we just try" - aol teen



"It could've been anyone, a jock or a prep, some people just assume that it's all goths who are doing these killings but most goths are really awesome people that wouldn't hurt anyone. Everyone feels the pressure of being teased and disliked. It could be anyone" - unknown

"EVEN THOUGH we won t have school for the rest of the year, I am sick to my stomach. I just got my driver ed papers today and I really don t care now. I am waiting for my friend to be released from the hospital. She is the nicest person ever. Why CHS, why not anywhere else? I really am mad, sick, craving for revenge, knowing avenging deaths won't bring them back, nauseous, queasy, and full of sorrow" - Columbine student

"Yesterday has changed my life forever. I live about 5 minutes away from where all the school shootings took place. You know you hear people say things like it could never happen to me,' but you know what, it DID happen to me, and i am still in shock." - teenage colorado resident



911 CALLS...

Dispatcher: 911 May I help you?

Peggy: Yes, I'm a teacher at Columbine High School and there is a student here with a gun. He just shot out a window. I believe, um, I'm at Columbine High School. I don't know what's in my shoulder. If it was just some glass. I don't know what's going on.

Dispatcher: Has anyone been injured, ma'am?

Peggy: I am, yes! And the school is in a panic and I'm in the library. I've got students down. Kids under the table! My kids are screaming, under the table, kids, and my teachers are trying to take control of things. We need police here.

Dispatcher: OK, OK, we're getting them. Who is the student, ma'am?

Peggy: I don't know who the student is. I saw a student outside .... I said what was going on out there. (Talking to students) I don't think that's a really good idea. (Back to dispatcher) And we were waiting to see what was going on. He turned the gun straight at us and shot and my God, the window went out and the kid standing there with me, I think he got hit.

Dispatcher: OK, we got help on the way, ma'am.

Peggy: Oh God! Oh God! Kids, just stay down. Do we know where he's at? I'm in the library. He's upstairs. He's right outside of here. He's outside this hall. There are lines of people ... Kids, just stay down! Do we know where he's at? He's outside in the hall. There's alarms and things going off and smoke. (Yelling): My God, smoke is coming into this room. I've got the kids under a table. I don't know what's happening in the rest of the building. Shouldn't someone else be calling 911?

Dispatcher: Yes, we have a lot of people on. I need you to stay on the line with me. We need to know what's going on.

Peggy: I am on the floor.

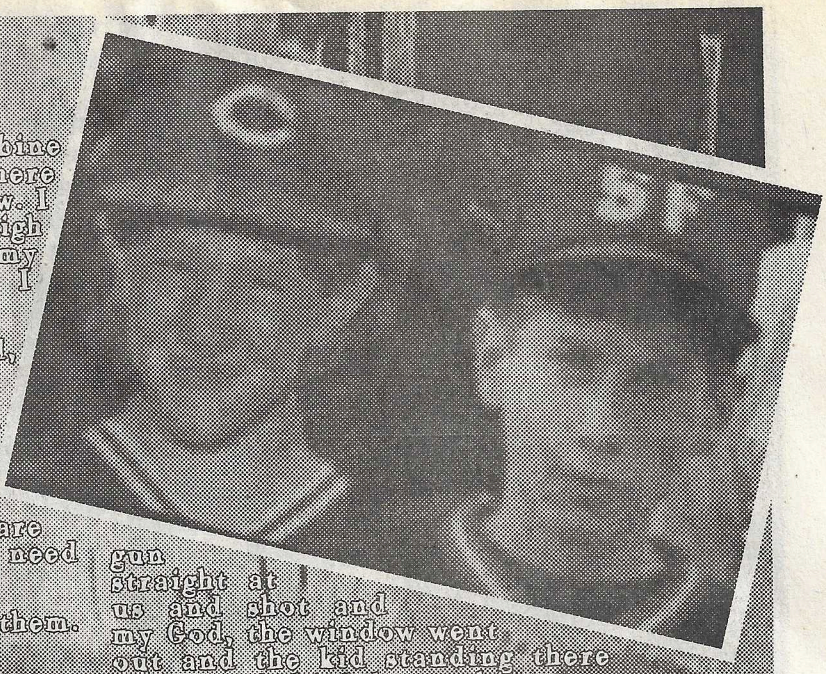
Dispatcher: You've the kids there?

Peggy: I've got every student in this library on the floor. (Yelling): You guys just stay on the floor!

Dispatcher: Is there any way you can lock the doors?

Peggy: Um, smoke is coming in from out there and I'm a little ... My God, it's ... (Sounds: Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang. Bang.) My God, the gun is right outside my door. OK, I don't think I'm going to go out there. We're not going to go to the door. I've got the kids on the floor. I got all of the kids in the library on the floor.

Dispatcher: We have paramedics and we have fire and we have police en route.



ERIC THROUGH THE YEARS

Seventh grade

Eighth grade

Freshman

Sophomore

Junior

Senior

MARILYN
MANSON

I don't like the media, but the media likes me.

by Marilyn Manson

It is sad to think that the first few people on earth needed no books, movies, games or music to inspire cold-blooded murder. The day that Cain bashed his brother Abel's brains in, the only motivation he needed was his own human disposition to violence. Whether you interpret the Bible as literature or as the final word of whatever God may be, Christianity has given us an image of death and sexuality that we have based our culture around. A half-naked dead man hangs in most homes and around our necks, and we have just taken that for granted all our lives. Is it a symbol of hope or hopelessness? The world's most famous murder-suicide was also the birth of the death icon -- the blueprint for celebrity. Unfortunately, for all of their inspiring morality, nowhere in the Gospels is intelligence praised as a virtue.

A lot of people forget or never realize that I started my band as a criticism of these very issues of despair and hypocrisy. The name Marilyn Manson has never celebrated the sad fact that America puts killers on the cover of Time magazine, giving them as much notoriety as our favorite movie stars. From Jesse James to Charles Manson, the media, since their inception, have turned criminals into folk heroes. They just created two new ones when they plastered those dipshits Dylan Klebold and Eric Harris' pictures on the front of every newspaper. Don't be surprised if every kid who gets pushed around has two new idols.

We applaud the creation of a bomb whose sole purpose is to destroy all of mankind, and we grow up watching our president's brains splattered all over Texas. Times have not become more violent. They have just become more televised. Does anyone think the Civil War was the least bit civil? If television had existed, you could be sure they would have been there to cover it, or maybe even participate in it, like their violent car chase of Princess Di. Disgusting vultures looking for corpses, exploiting, fucking, filming and serving it up for our hungry appetites in a gluttonous display of endless human stupidity.

When it comes down to who's to blame for the high school murders in Littleton, Colorado, throw a rock and you'll hit someone who's guilty. We're the people who sit back and tolerate children owning guns, and we're the ones who tune in and watch the up-to-the-minute details of what they do with them. I think it's terrible when anyone dies, especially if it is someone you know and love. But what is more offensive is that when these tragedies happen, most people don't really care any more than they would about the season finale of Friends or The Real World. I was dumfounded as I watched the media snake right in, not missing a teardrop, interviewing the parents of dead children, televising the funerals. Then came the witch hunt.

Man's greatest fear is chaos. It was unthinkable that these kids did not have a simple black-and-white reason for their actions. And so a scapegoat was needed. I remember hearing the initial reports from Littleton, that Harris and Klebold were wearing makeup and were dressed like Marilyn Manson, whom they obviously must worship, since they were dressed in black. Of course, speculation snowballed into making me the poster boy for everything that is bad in the world. These two idiots weren't wearing makeup, and they weren't dressed like me or like goths. Since Middle America has not heard of the music they did listen to (KMFDM and Rammstein, among others), the media picked something they thought was similar.

Responsible journalists have reported with less publicity that Harris and Klebold were not Marilyn Manson fans -- that they even disliked my music. Even if they were fans, that gives them no excuse, nor does it mean that music is to blame. Did we look for James Huberty's inspiration when he gunned down people at McDonald's? What did Timothy McVeigh like to watch? What about David Koresh, Jim Jones? Do you think entertainment inspired Kip Kinkel, or should we blame the fact that his father bought him the guns he used in the Springfield, Oregon, murders? What inspires Bill Clinton to blow people up in Kosovo? Was it something that Monica Lewinsky said to him? Isn't killing just killing, regardless if it's in Vietnam or Jonesboro, Arkansas? Why do we justify one, just because it seems to be for the right reasons?

Should there ever be a right reason? If a kid is old enough to drive a car or buy a gun, isn't he old enough to be held personally responsible for what he does with his car or gun? Or if he's a teenager, should someone else be blamed because he isn't as enlightened as an eighteen-year-old?

America loves to find an icon to hang its guilt on. But, admittedly, I have assumed the role of Antichrist; I am the Nineties voice of individuality, and people tend to associate anyone who looks and behaves differently with illegal or immoral activity. Deep down, most adults hate people who go against the grain. It's comical that people are naive enough to have forgotten Elvis, Jim Morrison and Ozzy so quickly. All of them were subjected to the same age-old arguments, scrutiny and prejudice. I wrote a song called "Lunchbox," and some journalists have interpreted it as a song about guns. Ironically, the song is about being picked on and fighting back with my Kiss lunch box, which I used as a weapon on the playground. In 1979, metal lunch boxes were banned because they were considered dangerous weapons in the hands of delinquents. I also wrote a song called "Get Your Gunn." The title is spelled with two n's because the song was a reaction to the murder of Dr. David Gunn, who was killed in Florida by pro-life activists while I was living there. That was the ultimate hypocrisy I witnessed growing up: that these people killed someone in the name of being "pro-life."

The somewhat positive messages of these songs are usually the ones that sensationalists misinterpret as promoting the very things I am decrying. Right now, everyone is thinking of how they can prevent things like Littleton. How do you prevent AIDS, world war, depression, car crashes? We live in a free country, but with that freedom there is a burden of personal responsibility. Rather than teaching a child what is moral and immoral, right and wrong, we first and foremost can establish what the laws that govern us are. You can always escape hell by not believing in it, but you cannot escape death and you cannot escape prison.

It is no wonder that kids are growing up more cynical; they have a lot of information in front of them. They can see that they are living in a world that's made of bullshit. In the past, there was always the idea that you could turn and run and start something better. But now America has become one big mall, and because of the Internet and all of the technology we have, there's nowhere to run. People are the same everywhere. Sometimes music, movies and books are the only things that let us feel like someone else feels like we do. I've always tried to let people know it's OK, or better, if you don't fit into the program. Use your imagination -- if some geek from Ohio can become something, why can't anyone else with the willpower and creativity?

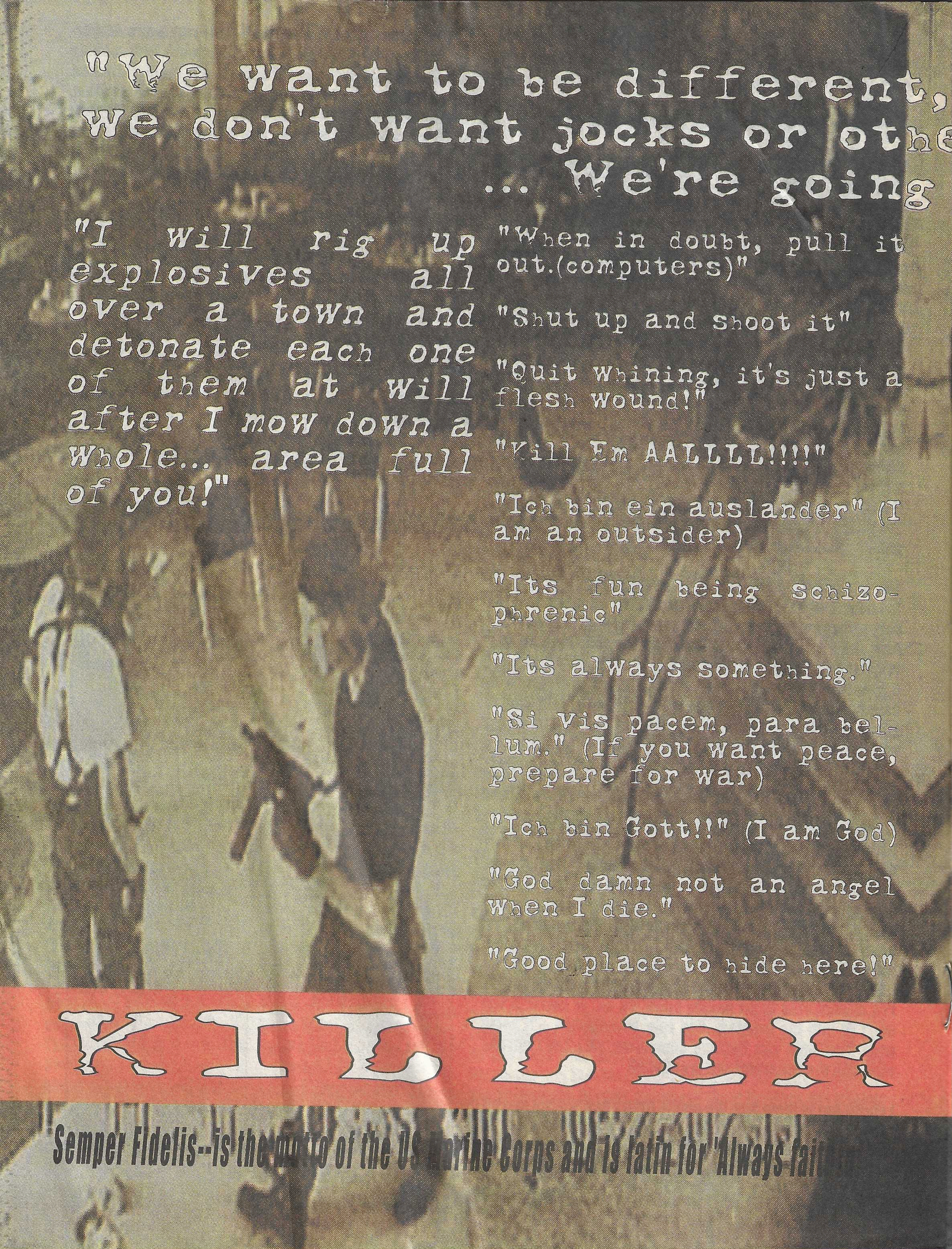
I chose not to jump into the media frenzy and defend myself, though I was begged to be on every single TV show in existence. I didn't want to contribute to these fame-seeking journalists and opportunists looking to fill their churches or to get elected because of their self-righteous finger-pointing. They want to blame entertainment? Isn't religion the first real entertainment? People dress up in costumes, sing songs and dedicate themselves in eternal fandom. Everyone will agree that nothing was more entertaining than Clinton shooting off his prick and then his bombs in true political form. And the news -- that's obvious. So is entertainment to blame? I'd like media commentators to ask themselves, because their coverage of the event was some of the most gruesome entertainment any of us have seen.

I think that the National Rifle Association is far too powerful to take on, so most people choose Doom, The Basketball Diaries or yours truly. This kind of controversy does not help me sell records or tickets, and I wouldn't want it to. I'm a controversial artist, one who dares to have an opinion and bothers to create music and videos that challenge people's ideas in a world that is watered-down and hollow. In my work I examine the America we live in, and I've always tried to show people that the devil we blame our atrocities on is really just each one of us. So don't expect the end of the world to come one day out of the blue -- it's been happening every day for a long time.

MARILYN MANSON

Dylan & Eric s similarities

Fav Bands: KMFDM, Rammstein, Nine Inch Nails, Dr. Octagon and DJ Spooky
Took a bowling class at Belleview Lanes , Which started at 6:15am
Went to Rock 'n Bowl regularly
Worked at Blackjack Pizza
In January 1998 they broke into a van and stole $400 Worth of electronic equipment.
Built top-of-the-line PCs
Fans of Quentin Tarantino.
Liked the movies Reservoir Dogs, From Dusk till Dawn, Pulp Fiction and Natural Born Killers
Died: April 20, 1999



"We want to be different, we don't want jocks or othe ... We're going

"I will rig up explosives all over a town and detonate each one of them at will after I mow down a Whole... area full of you!"

"When in doubt, pull it out.(computers)"

"Shut up and shoot it"

"Quit Whining, it's just a flesh Wound!"

"Kill Em AALLLL!!!!"

"Ich bin ein auslander" (I am an outsider)

"Its fun being schizophrenic"

"Its always something."

"Si vis pacem, para bellum." (If you want peace, prepare for war)

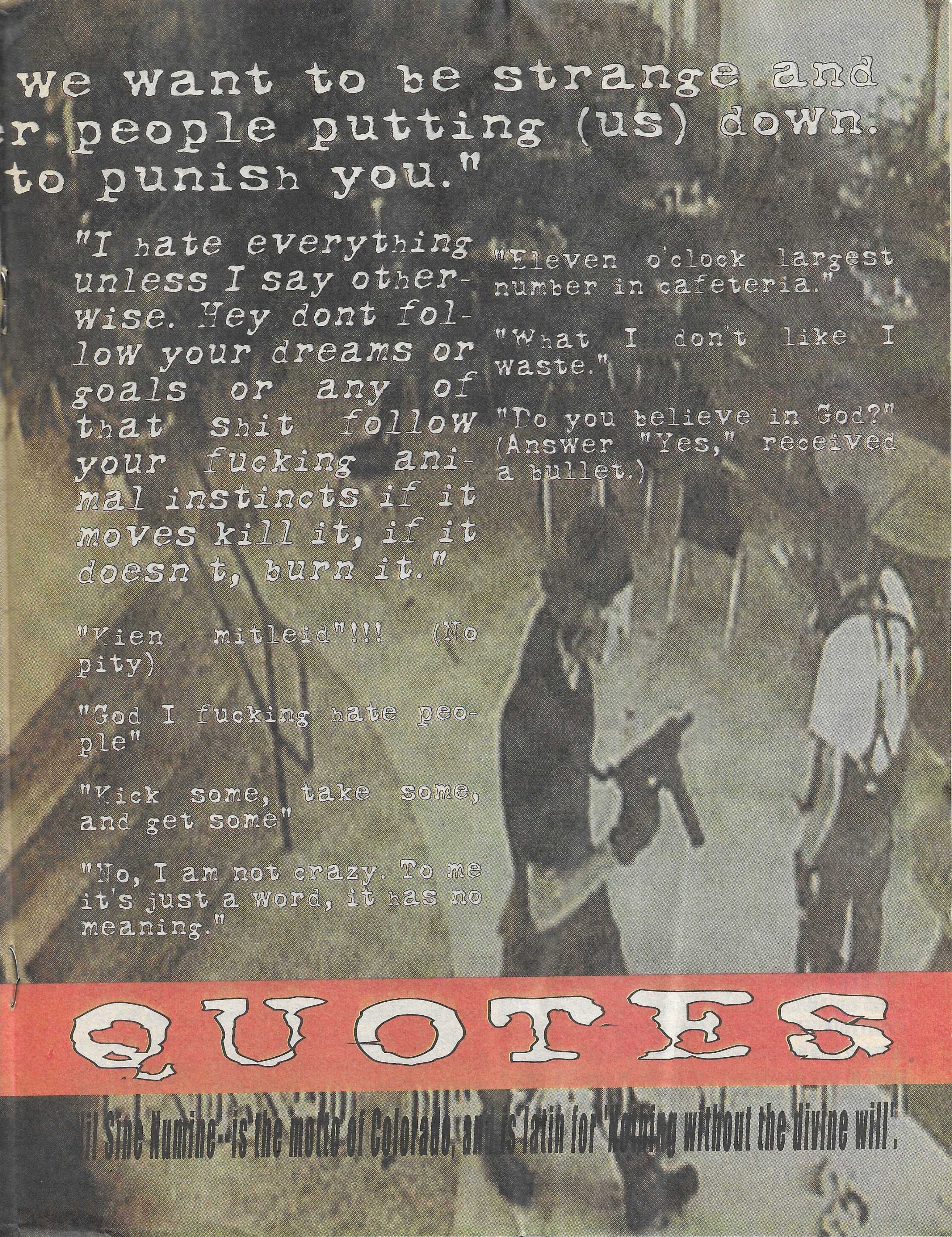
"Ich bin Gott!!" (I am God)

"God damn not an angel When I die."

"Good place to hide here!"

KILLER

Semper Fidelis--is the motto of the US Marine Corps and is latin for 'Always fai



we want to be strange and
r people putting (us) down.
to punish you."

"I hate everything unless I say otherwise. Hey dont follow your dreams or goals or any of that shit follow your fucking animal instincts if it moves kill it, if it doesn t, burn it."

"Kien mitleid"!!! (No pity)

"God I fucking hate people"

"Kick some, take some, and get some"

"No, I am not crazy. To me it's just a word, it has no meaning."

"Eleven o'clock largest number in cafeteria."

"What I don't like I waste."

"Do you believe in God?" (Answer "Yes," received a bullet.)

QUOTES

il Sine Numine--is the motto of Colorado, and is latin for 'Nothing without the divine will'.

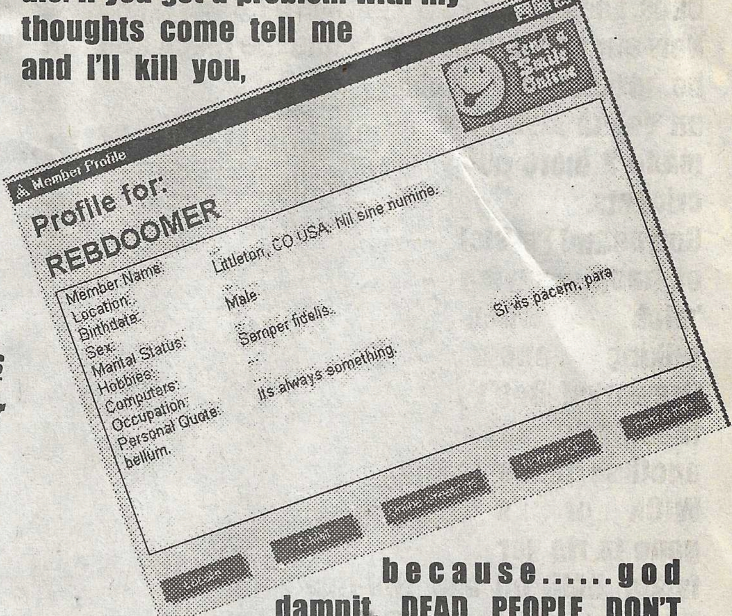
The REBDOOMER Site

This is the site created by Eric Harris, titled REB's Words of Wisdom, it was taken down shortly after the massacre.

Eric
im not showing
my face on the
net again mike!

Wie gehts.

Well, all you people out there can just kiss my ass and die. From now on, I don't give a fuck what almost any of you mutha fuckas have to say, unless I respect you which is highly unlikely. But for those of you who happen to know me, and know that I respect you, may peace be with you and don't be in my line of fire. For the rest of you, you all better fucking hide in your houses because I'm coming for EVERYONE soon, and I WILL be armed to the fucking teeth and I WILL shoot to KILL and I WILL fucking KILL EVERYTHING! No, I am not crazy, crazy is just a word, to me it has no meaning, everyone is different, but most of you fuckheads out there in society, going to your everyday fucking jobs and doing your everyday routine shitty things, I say fuck you and die. If you got a problem with my thoughts come tell me and I'll kill you, because......god damnit, DEAD PEOPLE DON'T ARGUE!


Member Profile

Profile for:
REBDOOMER

Member Name: Littleton, CO USA. Nil sine numine.
Location: ..
Birthdate: Male
Sex: ..
Marital Status: Semper fidelis.
Hobbies: ..
Computers: Its always something.
Occupation:
Personal Quote: Si vis pacem, para bellum.

God DAMNIT I AM PISSED!
Wie gehts.

REBEL NEWS: **Yo, this page will be getting some big ass changes soon. I'll be adding some new pages to it such as 'New group names' and 'Top10 lists.' Gonna have some cool shit, check it out or I'll blow you up cause jo mamma..................is so fat. Homework sucks.**

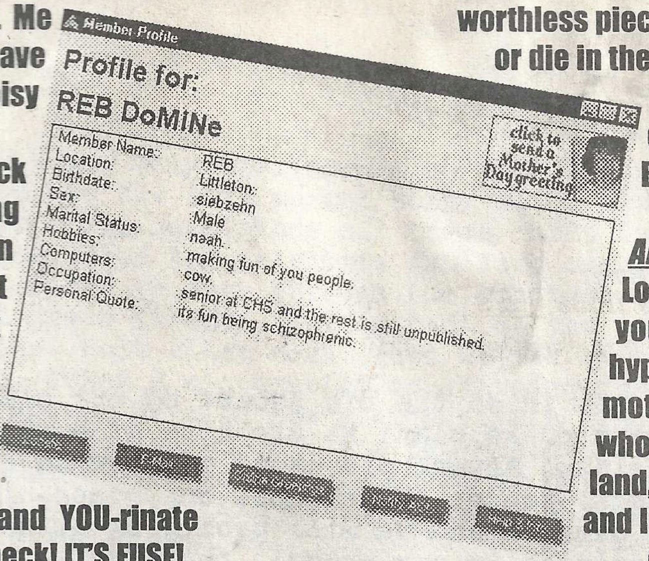
Mother fucker blew BIG. Pazzie was a complete success and it blew dee fuck outta a little creek bed. Flipping thing was heart-pounding gut-wrenching brain-twitching ground-moving insanely cool! His brothers haven't found a target yet though.

SI VIS PACEM,
PARA BELLUM
R
B

ART FOUND ON ERIC'S WEB SITE. " IF YOU WANT PEACE, PREPAIR FOR WAR! "

Atlanta, Pholus, Peltro and Pazzie are complete. For those of you who don't know who they are, they are, they are the first 4 true pipe bombs created entirely from scratch by the rebels (REB and VoDkA). Atlanta and Pholus are each 1 1/4" by 6" pipes, Peltro is 1" by 6" and Pazzie is 3/4" by 5". Each if packed with powder that we got from fountains, mortar shells and cackering

balls. Each also has a +14" mortar shell type fuse. Now our only problem is to find the place that will be 'ground zero'. Me an VoDkA also have made 2 more noisy crickets.



Profile for:
REB DoMINe

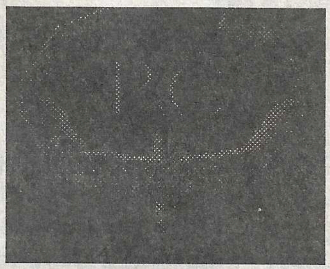
Member Name: REB
Location: Littleton:
Birthdate: siebzehn
Sex: Male
Marital Status: naah.
Hobbies: making fun of you people.
Computers: cow.
Occupation: senior at CHS and the rest is still unpublished.
Personal Quote: its fun being schizophrenic.

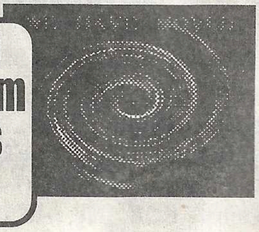
God damn! I'm sick of people saying 'wick' when talking about fireworks! Don't falkin' say anothuh falkin' WICK or I's gone to rip yer falkin' HAID off and YOU-rinate down yo' falkin' neck! IT'S FUSE!

Philosophy:

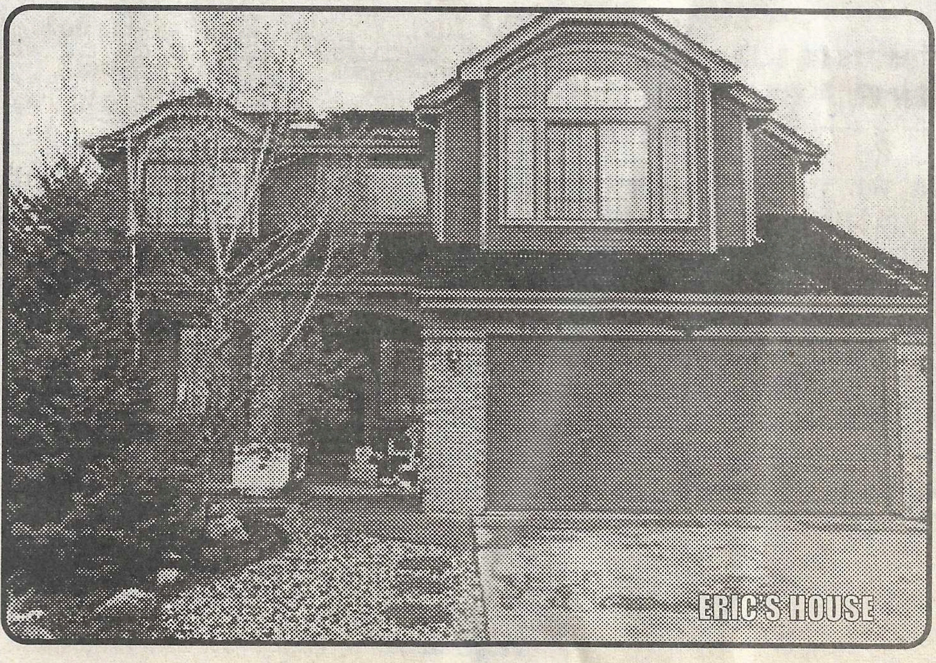
My belief is that if I say something, it goes, I am the law, if you don't like it, you die.

If I don't like you, or I don't like what you want me to do, you die. If I do some thing incorrect, oh fucking well, you die. Dead people can't do many things, like argue, whine, bitch, complain, narc, rat out, criticize, or even fucking talk. So that's the only way to solve arguments with all you fuckheads out there, I just kill! God, I can't wait till I can kill you people. I'll just go to some downtown area in some big ass city, and blow up, and shoot everything I can. Feel no remorse, no sense of shame. Ich sage FICKT DU! I will rig up explosives all over a town and detonate each one at will after I mow down a whole fucking area of you snotty ass rich mother fucking high strung, godlike attitude having, worthless piece of shit whores. I don't care if I live or die in the shootout, all I want to do is kill and injure as many of you pricks as I can, especially a few people. Like Brooks Brown.





More art from Eric's site



ERIC'S HOUSE

America:

Love it or leave it mother fuckers. All you racist (and if you think I'm a hypocrite, come here so I can kill you!) mother fucking assholes in America who burn our flags and disgrace my land, GET OUT! And to you assholes in Iraq and Iran, and all those other little pieces of shit desert lands who hate us, shut up and die! We will kick your ass if you try to fuck with us, or at least I will! I may not like government, or the people running it, or things like that, but the physical land and location I DO fucking love. So love it or leave it!

Society:

I live in Denver, and god damnit, I would love to kill almost all of the residents in it. They're all into being good people and they like take short showers - don't waste water.

<Picture>

NEXT MISSION=aaaah whenever.

Ok people, im gonna let you in on the big secret of our clan. We aint no god damn stupid ass quake clan! We are more of a gang. We plan out and execute missions. Anyone pisses us off, we do a little deed to their house. Eggs, teepee, superglue, busyboxes, large amounts of fireworks, you hame it and we will probly or already have done it. We have many enimies in our school, therefor we make many missions. Its sort of a night time tradition for us.

Download CORRIDOR.MAP. Its a very close replica of the mission sites. But we have never seen the inside of the house...so we just guessed. Its also cut off where the area isnt important (ya know, i didnt want to put in all of the neighborhood!).

The mission has been done. And the rebels...once again...emerged victorious. Vee falking blew de sheeeit outta lossa stoof!!

As for the next mission, we havent decided what to do or where to do it. I had some thoughts about hiding in some large bushes or trees and shooting stuff. Or maybe some more arial attacks. But we need to go up to Wyoming and load up on that stuff. We are running low. Plus we just got our paychecks....they arent big...but they can cover quite a bit of shit. We still need to get the fuses too. So far, the next mission will probly be in July sometime. But we AINT SURE.

:MISSION LOGS:

eric

6: Awwww yeya. This mission was so fuckin fun man. ok, first of all, my dad was the only parent home, so it was much easier getting out...but still hard since all these rocks in my backyard make so much noise. Plus the neighbors faulting dog barking its faulting head off. First we went through the corridor...going through some very tall grass fields...not as tall as the ones in the Lost World, but close. Felt kinda cool. Then we set up the strip of 1152 firecrackers. Using 2 ciggarettes as starting fuses, we had plenty of time to spare. We also had a nice little crackering fountain hooked up to the fuses too. After a few minutes of setting it up, we lit it and went over and hid in ontop of this big cement pipe going under a street. We were on the side of a hill so we hid in the grass. There was also a full moon that night, and not a foaming cloud in the sky. So it was like noon on the equatpr when we were out in the open. But, black clothing and tall grass sure helps. After about 5 minutes (forever) it began.

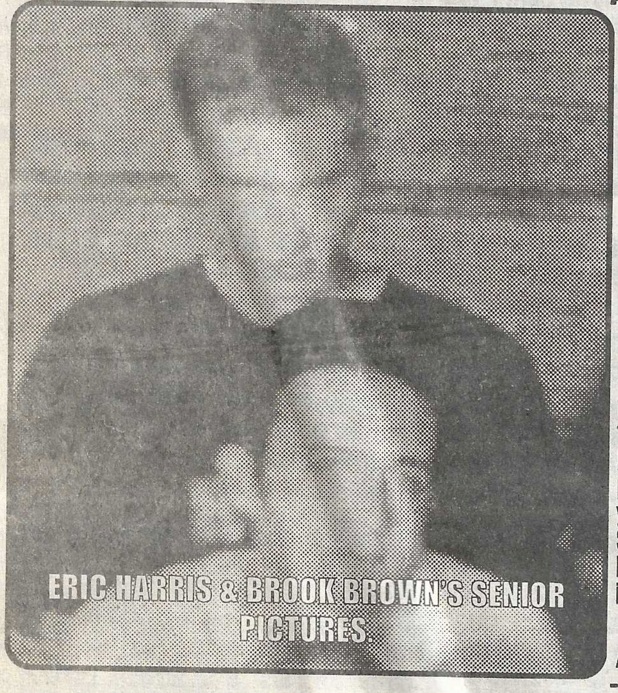
Beforehand we watched as some lights in the Targets house went on. ....then off. Maybe the bastard heard something. But when the strip started, he turned his bedroom lights off. The strip lasted for about 30 seconds.....we think...it was very fucking long. almost all of it went off. loud and bright. everything worked exactly how we wanted it to. After about 15 minutes we started down the bike trail to the next target. The first targets lights were on again in the bedroom, but we think we got away undetected. While we were walking to the next target, we shot some stuff. Heh, VoDkA brought his sawed off BBgun and a few BB's too. So we loaded it, pumped it, and fired off a few shots at some houses and trees and stuff. We probly didnt do any damage to any houses, but we arent sure. The gun was not loud at all, which was very good. At the next target, we set up the saturn missile battery and the rockets. These both has fuses about 2-3 feet long. I lit them as VoDkA and [redacted] were over hiding in the shadows. Luckily
there were some trees and stuff at the 2nd target so we could hide pretty good. Anyway, i lit and went over to the others. We watched as the fuses burned and burned...then the rockets went off. It was pretty nice, not so much ment as a prank, but more as a nice little fireworks show. They made some noise, but nothing to shit yer pants about. But the battery didnt werk. So i went back, checked it out, and the fuse had burned down to about 2 inches. so i just said up yours baby and lit it. right as i made it to the others it went off. It was pretty quick, and loud too. Since the missiles are whistlers, they probly woke up a few residents. YEY. Then we started heading up to this construction site. Its right on the side of a kinda busy road, but before the houses. We dodged a few cars, messed around at the site. And we also swiped some signs from thi

Heloooooo everyone.

These are the words of wisdom from REB.

This page explains the various things in the world that annoy the SHIT outta me. God I just LOVE freedom of speech. Keep in mind that these are just my point of views, and may or may not reflect on anyone else. I do swear a lot on this page, so fuck off if you're a pussy who can't handle a little god damn bad language heeeheee.

And now to get started:



ERIC HARRIS & BROOK BROWN'S SENIOR PICTURES.

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

-- When I'm walking around in a mall, and there is this SLOW AS SHIT person walking in front of me! Godammit, I'm trying to get somewhere! So move it or lose it BITCHES!

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

-- When there is a group of assholes standing in the middle of a hallway or walkway, and they are just STANDING there talking and blocking my fucking way!! Get the fuck outta the way or I'll bring a friggin' sawed off shotgun to your house and blow your snotty ass head off!

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

-- When people don't watch where THEY ARE FUCKING GOING! Then they plow into me and say 'oops, sorry.' or 'watch it!' NNNYAAAA! Next time that happens I will rip out two of your damn ribs and shove 'em into your fuckin' eyeballs!!

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

-- When some rich ass, stuck up, piece of shit, white trash person gets in a car wreck with their brand new car!

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

-- When some stupid ass kid blows his fuckin' hand off because he couldn't figure out that a lit fuse means the firecracker is going to go off soon! HAHAHA! DUMBASS!

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

-- OOOOOOOOJAAAAAAAAAAAAAY!!!!! GOD I FUCKING HATE THAT WORTHLESS TRIAL!! Who in their right feeeeeearrrRIGIN mind would care about that trial? It's not any different from any other murder trial! Tell those fucking reporters to get a life! And what the fuck do we have to gain by watching that stupid trial anyway? It's not news! It's a trial! Not news! Trial! TrialX=Xnews!

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

--Jon Bonet however the fuck you spell her spoiled ass name Ramsey!! We don't care! Good fucking riddense!! What the fuck do you expect if you fucking put your kid in all these beauty pageants when she's 4 years old! SLUUUUUUUUUUT!!!! I bet her damn dad did it. Fuckin' perrrv.

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

-- STUPID PEOPLE! Why must so many people be so stupid!?

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

-- Making fun of stupid people doing stupid things! Like one time when I was watching this freshman try to get on a computer that needed a password...he typed in the password...and waited. The retard didn't press enter or anything. He just waited. Then he started cussing at the computer saying it was screwed up. Then the freshman went and got a teacher and the fucking teacher could not figure out why it wasn't going anywhere!! JESUS!! Personally, I think they should be shot.

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

--Natural SELECTION!!!!! God damn it's the best thing that ever happened to the Earth. Getting rid of all the stupid weak organisms... but it all natural! Yes! I wish the government would just take off every warning label, So then all the dumbasses would either severely hurt themselves or DIE! And boom, no more dumbasses. heh.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--ASSHOLES THAT CUT!!! Why the fuck can't you wait like every other human on earth does. If you cut you are the following: Stuck up, self centered, selfish, lazy, impatient, rude and...damn i ran out, anyway. Every fucking line i get into i end up having to wait a fucking hour when there WAS only me and 1 other person in the line. Then the queer sucking asshole lets all his/her so called friends cut in behind em! If that happens 1 more time I will have to start referring to the Anarchists cookbook (bomb section).

YOU KNOW WHAT I REALLY HATE?

--LIARS!! OH GAWWWWWD I HATE LIARS. And living in this fucking neighborhood there is thousands of them! Why the fuck must people lie so damn much! Especially about stupid things! Like "yeah, I just bought 5 cases of M-60's in Oklahoma for about $5. And they are legal there and everything. Yeah my parents buy most of my guns, every once in a while ill use my 4,000 paycheck and buy a shotgun or 2. And my brand new hummer just broke down on the highway when i was going 250mph. Stupid cars." See that, now, what fucking part if any would a normal human being believe? And that's just one person! Another BIG example is Brooks Brown (303-972-0602). Now, according to him, he has a 215 IQ., 5 other homes (2 in alaska, and 3 in Florida), 95mph fastball (he is only 16), runs a mile in about 5 minutes, has an uncle that's the former head of all the armed forces and has access to...Theee Button..., his other uncle is a multi-millionaire that lives in downtown detroit, his neighbors are the chick that sang "r.e.s.p.e.c.t." and the lead singer of Aerosmith. And that same uncle owns 30% stock of that tylenol company. And his grandparents give...GIVE him about 1000 dollars for each month, and his other Grandpa can blow up every house in America because all the houses have C-4 in the foundations. Again, according to Brooks Brown. Ok, when people lie like that, its not impressive, no one believes it, it sounds just plain stupid, and its a fuckin waste of my time.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--R rated movies on CABLE! My DOG can do a better damn editing job than those dumbshits!! For the sake of all television they can at least try to make it sound like actual words the person would say! If you have ever seen Alien or Predator you know what i'm talking about.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--Windows Keys!!!

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

--WAREZ!! Why pay when its free?

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--People who think they can forecast the weather! Then they think that everyone else will think they are cool just because you said that we were going to have a 4 foot blizzard starting today! Like just the other day, this punk i know is saying.. "yeah tomorrow we are gonna get like, 2 feet of snow in just a few hours, They were saying its gonna be the biggest snow in ten years. Yeah, itll be about -60 outside too." And that day we get an inch of snow and its 26 out. I feel like getting a baseball bat, breaking it over his head, and then stabbing him with the broken end!!

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--Country music!!

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

--Zippo Lighters!!!

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--People who say that the wrestling is real! now, i'm talking about the matches like hulk hogan or undertaker. If you think that these matches aren't faked and that these guys are REALLY punching and breaking arms, then please email me. I would love to know where you live so i can BOMB your fucking house and ACTUALLY BREAK YOUR ARMS!

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--YOUNG SMOKERS! they think that they are so god damn cool with their big bad cigarettes and their 'sooo cool' attitude. I cant wait until they are about 25 and have to breathe through their fucking necks and talk with a computer hooked up to their X-vocal cords.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--PAYING FOR MY CAR INSURANCE!

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

--FREEDOM OF SPEEEECH!

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--Freedom of the press. I hate that part of the Bill of Rights.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--People who are against the death penalty!! i think the courts should fuckin fry convicts even if all they did was unarmed robbery!

YOU KNOW WHAT I LOVE?

--SCHOOL!

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--SCHOOLWORK!

YOU KNOW WHAT I REALLY HATE?

--COMMERCIALS!! OH GAWWD I HATE COMMERCIALS!! The only ones i MIGHT like are previews and some car commercials. But jesus christ all those Lotion, PERFUME, Make up, JC PENNYS, Joslins, food, coffee, or advertisement commercials! Please! Destroy them all! never record another! They suck! They are only funny he first time! Think up other stuff! They suck! They are stupid! We get sick of them VERY FAST! VERY! VERY FAST!

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--People who don't believe in personal hygiene. For the love of god, and for the sake of god, CLEAN UP. Fucking people with 2 inch fingernails and a whole fuckin pot full of dirt under them and raggy ass hair ot shirts stained to hell. Or people that just plain stink, and they dot do anything about it. Now, i'm not making fun of anyone if they cant help it, or afford it or anything like that, that's not their fault, but if your some fag drivin a ford explorer and have yellow teeth, then that's just plain unhuman.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--People who use the same word over and over again! Like, 'actually', or 'fuck you', or 'bitch'. Read a fuckin book or two, increase your vocabulary ya fucking idiots.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--People who try to impress me by TRYING to brag about the militaries weapons! Now, to some of you this might seem weird, but its happened. Like this, 'dude they just came out with this new chemical that can destroy denver only using a cubic inch of it. The military is keepin it all locked up because if it gets to close to water it explodes, and the force would create a crescent earth, maaan.' Yeah, right, bullshit, or like this, 'Dude, the air force has tracked santa clause for like, 10 years now, he is real man its all a cover up.' or "The air force just made a plane that can bend light man, its completely invisible.' now, this is just some of the shit i've heard. it makes me SICK. And they aren't even in the fucking military, nor do they know anyone that is!

I HATE YOU! ERIC HARRIS OWNS EVERY SINGLE ONE OF YOU

THE FIREWORKS WILL SET IN THE FOUR TWENTY ONE! DOOM WILL BECOME REALITY!

YOU KNOW WHAT ELSE I HATE?

--People who THINK they are martial arts experts! They are all cocky and thinkin that they are all big and bad, saying bullshit like 'yeah, if you snap your fingers right here the sound waves will melt the brain and you'll die from your own brain poring out your ears.' or 'if you flick someone right here their arteries will burst and they will drown in their own blood.' fuckin hate it when they keep saying 'your own' like it would be someone elses?!? then when these shitheads get in real fights they get their fuckin asses wooped all over the place by some little girl.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--STAR WARS FANS! GET A FRKIN LIFE YOU BORING DICKHEADS!

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--RACISM! Anyone who believes that blacks, asians, mexicans or people from any other race besides white-american..people who think that should be drug out into the street, have their arms ripped off, be burnt shut at the stumps, then have every person from the race that YOU hate come out and beat the shit out of you. and if you are female, then you should be raped by a male from the race you hate and be forced to raise the child! You people are the scum of society and aren't worth a damn piece of worm shit. You are all trash. And don't let me catch you making fun of someone just because they are a different colour because i will come in and break your fucking legs with a plastic spoon, i don't care how long it takes and that's both legs mind you.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--THOSE FUCKING ADVERTISING CHARITY CALLS! People saying 'Hi, i'm not selling anything but'. good, now shut the fuck up and go get a real job! 'well you are so rude!' damn strait bitch and if you don't get off my line ill come down to your building and shove that phone list up your ass and take the phone and shove it up your bosses ass! 'click' heeeheeee, i love that.

YOU KNOW WHAT I HATE?

--When people mispronounce words! and they don't even know it like ofTen, or acrosT, or eXpresso, pacific (specific), or 2 pAck, learn to speak correctly you morons.

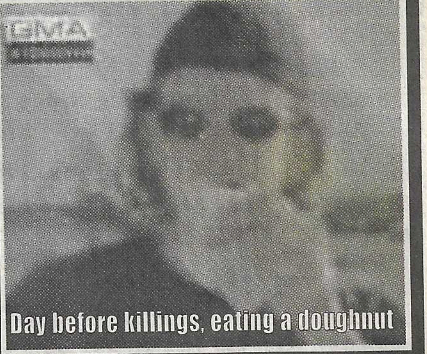
That's all for now folks, hope you enjoyed! If i think up any more things ill put em on here! And sorry if i offended you, but, if i did, that means you are one of the people that i mentioned here that i hate, so guess i'm not sorry, you asshole.

NAPALM: Napalm is used to burn people, houses, cars, or anything else that can be burnt. It can be produced in a wide variety of ways and by using pages of different ingredients. In this text I will review the methods and ingredients that I have found to be most promising. **INGREDIENTS:** In just about every "anarchist" cookbook you can find you will see tons of napalm recipes. Through trial and error I have found that only a few are worth the trouble. Although, some of my tests can not be considered completely accurate since I was short on time and resources because of the war. First of all, one of the best recipes is actually the simplest. Motor oil and gasoline in a glass bottle is about all you need. You could spend hours and hours and lots of money to make a batch of napalm that if at all, is only a little better. Styrofoam and gasoline is a fairly good mixture, but it has its drawbacks. Styrofoam and gas makes a solution that reminds me of pizza dough. It is rubbery, stringy, and is a bitch to transfer from containers. It burns for a good while, and after it is done burning it turns into a hard, black, plastic-type substance. I won't know how well it spreads upon explosion until actual combat, so I can't say anything about that. Another problem is that it takes about 20 cups of Styrofoam to make 1 cup of napalm. So unless you own a packing service, it is hard to make a decent sized batch. Personally, I was able to make about a gallon of the stuff, but it wasn't easy and I was almost discovered thanks to that fucking ever-present gasoline stench. As far as wax, petroleum jelly, and bleach go I would need to do more extensive tests to come to any concrete conclusion.

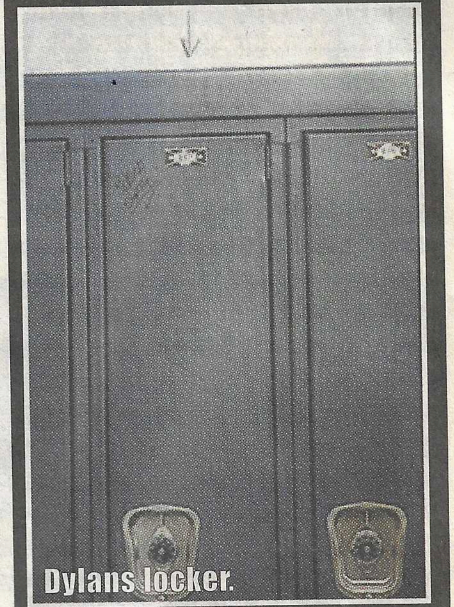
I know that bleach+gas works a little worse than gas alone, and that is the same for Vaseline+gas, and laundry detergent+gas. But, heating the solution could make very large differences. I saw somewhere that egg whites, salt, and gas makes good napalm, but that is utter bull shit. Not only is it fucking expensive and extremely time consuming, but also gas by itself is ten times better than that crap. Toilet paper and gas might be a good mixture, but unfortunately I only had time to do a small test. Results from that were very good though. I have tried model glue also, and the results were about the same as gas alone. In short, you are much better off using gas and oil instead of any, and I mean fucking ANY, other mixture because it is cheaper, easier, quicker, and works just as good or better than anything else does. It is a waste of time, effort, and resources to try to figure out ideal recipe when gas and oil will do the job just fine. If it can burn, the molotov cocktail will most likely burn it.

STORAGE: Storing gasoline is one of the biggest pain-in-the-ass tasks I have gone through in the pre-war era. First of all, you have to take into account that any extra gas containers lying around the shed or garage can easily cause suspicion. Second of all, it smells. So putting a couple jars in your closet is a bad idea. Third, gas expands when it is hot, so you don't want to put it in your trunk under a blazing sun all day long, because it might just blow up. So some good storage areas are deep in garage closets that are rarely visited, in your trunk if the weather is not hot at all, or under a tarp in your yard some place, if you have a rather fucking large and wooded property around your house. Other than those suggestions, you are on your own. Just be smart and remember the basic principles of gasoline. It's flammable, it smells, it expands when hot, and it needs a very good seal to prevent leakage from the container.

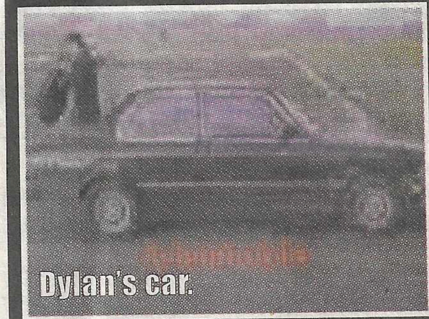
THE LAST PICTURES OF DYLAN



Day before killings, eating a doughnut



Dylans locker.



Dylan's car.

Dylan at prom, 2 day's before shootings.

JO MAMA

The Eric & Dylan JoKe page

Thursday, Apr 6

Jo Mamma Page

This page contains jokes written by Eric Harris, Dylan Klebold and a friend. They were found on Eric's REBDOOMER aol page.

JO mamma's kitchen lights are SO bright that you can see grease, dust, or any other bad thing in need of seeing..... JJJEEAAAA!!!!!!!!!

JO mamma sees so many stray dogs in her neighborhood that she talks the humans society a lot..... JJJEAAAAA

JO mamma is so creative that she has made her own decorations MANY times... and has even sold them! JJJJEAAAA!!!

JO mamma has so many phones in her house that she can answer a phone in ANY room... cause there's a phone in every room..... cause there's so many... JJJEEAAA!

JO mamma has seen so many rainy days that she can tell what KIND of rain is raining during a storm.... cause she's seen so many rain storms.... JJJEEAAAAAAA

JO mamma can dial phone numbers so fast that people want her to call ticket master for them........ cause she dials their number fast.....so she gets tickets.... JJJJEEAAA!!!

Jo mamma likes cheesecake so much that she make a pretty good one herself!....whenever she wants!......one......JEEEYAAAAA!!!

Jo mamma likes to take walks so much she takes one every day! sometimes twice a day! JJJEEEYAAAA!!!

Jo mamma is so ambidextrous that she can even throw with both hands! JEEYAAAAA!!!

Jo mamma so fat she doesn't even look at the nutrition value tables on the food boxes she eats.....she just buys them and eats them.....cause she's fat...JJJEEYAAAAAA!!!!

JO mamma is so well behaved at dinner parties that no one ever has to tell her to behave! JEEEYAAAA!!

Jo mamma has so many bag clips that her neighbors ask to use some occasionally! JEEEYAAAA!!!

Jo mamma's health care plan is so great that she can afford to get sick and hurt and stuff! JJJEEEYAAAAA!!!!!

Jo mamma is so good at counting in seconds that she doesn't need a watch to time things! except long things....JJJEEEYAAAA

Jo mamma got smacked so hard by the water when she dove off the diving board that even her mom felt it....cause she got hit hard....and her mom is psychically tuned into her.....cause she is her mom.....so she felt it to.....JJJEEEYAAAA!!!!

Jo mamma so stupid she thought Saturday was Sunday....until she looked at the paper and saw the date....but for that particular time she wasn't smart at all! JEEEYAAAAA!!!

Jo mamma can smell so good...she knows when people are having barbeques or cook outs! JJJEEEYAAA!!

Jo mamma has so much printer paper, that she can print out large documents any time! JJJEEEYAAAAAA!!!

Jo mamma watches movies so much, she gets excited when she finds out that sequels are coming soon! JJJEEYAAAA!!!

Jo mamma enjoys sandwiches so much, she can make her own! JJJEEEYAAAA!!!

Jo mamma has so many extension cords that she has the availability to run various appliances where ever she wants in a room! JJJEEEYAAAAAA!!!!!

Jo mamma is so stressed out that she needs to relax in a hot tub at least once a week! JJEEEEYAAAAAA!!!!

Jo mamma has so many bank deposit slips that she never needs to use the ones at the actual bank! JJJEEEYAAAAA!!!!

Jo mamma's new haircut is so good that people say "Goodness, that's a fine looking haircut!" JJEEYAAAAA!!!

Jo mamma has so many decks of cards that you can play any time at all, cause there's always one there...waiting to be played....anywhere in the house...!! JJEEEYAAAAA!!!

Jo mamma has said the word carrot so many times, that she is very good at pronouncing it! JEEEYAAAAA!!!

Jo mamma hears so good, that she can tell when someone is talking far away!! JEEEYAAAA!!!

Jo mamma uses Vidal Sasson so often, that she has really good hair...its not damaged...or dry....or oily!! JEEEYAAAA!!!

Jo mamma wears combat boots! JJJEEEYAAAAA!!

JO mamma is so unpredictable that people almost never know what she is going to say next.....unless its obvious....then they could tell....but otherwise they couldn't....JJJEEEEYAAAA!!!!

Jo mamma is so cold she thought she was in a freezer! JJEEEEYAAAAAA!!!

Jo mamma's fingers are so short, when she puts on a glove, the fingers are too long! JEEEYAAAA!!!

JO mamma likes so many kinds of candy that when she goes to the grocery store, she wants to buy candy, but she doesn't know which kind to buy...... JJJJJEEJA!!!!!!!!!

Well JO mamma has so many frequent flier miles that she could take a trip!!!!!!!!!..... with them..... JJJJJEEAAAAAAAAA!!!!!!

JO mamma likes to read so much that she has a frequent user discount at the library! JJJEEEEYAAAA!!!

Jo mamma's handwriting is so bad that its barely legible to most people! JJJEYAAAAA!!!!!

Jo mamma so slow, when she's driving, people honk at her, cause she's goin' slower than the rest of traffic! JEEEYAAAAA!!!

JO mamma has so much salad every day that she buys salad at sam's club & it saves her money.....JJEJAAAA!!!!!!!!

JO mamma is so unpredictable that people almost never know what she is going to say next......unless its obvious....then they could tell.....but otherwise they couldn't....JJJEEEEYAAAA!!!!

Jo mamma so fat she eats a lot of food! JJJEEEYAAA!!!

Jo mamma is so good at math that she don't even need a calculator!! even for the advanced classes! JJJEEEEYAAA!!

Jo mamma has so many bottles of water that she hardly ever uses the faucet! JJJEEEEYAAA!!

Jo mamma is so young at heart that she likes to climb trees sometimes! JJJEEEEYAAA!!

Jo mamma eats so many apples, that all the seeds in them are starting to make her not feel good! JJJEEEEYAAA!!

Searching For The Truth...

"We had people there right away, but we couldn't get in. We were way outgunned", said Jefferson County Sheriff John Stone.
By two kids who couldn't aim? There are definite indications that officers were receiving return fire from each entrance of the school during the first hour of the shooting.

Due to information obtained from first-hand eyewitnesses by means of personal interviews, evidence, and testimony, there was MUCH more to the story than what the general public was being led--and force-fed--to believe.

Perhaps the single most-crucial of such is simply this: there is NO DOUBT that OTHER GUNMEN besides Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold were also perpetrators of the slaughter. No doubt whatsoever. (In fact there seems to be a scarcity of irrefutable HARD evidence that Harris and Klebold were in fact DEFINITELY INVOLVED!) This is shown, for example, in statements made by eyewitness/victim Columbine teacher Patti Nielson, who was shot UPSTAIRS by an gunman who was neither Harris OR Klebold at the school's NORTH end at the EXACT same time other MASKED gunmen DOWNSTAIRS invaded the school from the SOUTH end. Literally HUNDREDS of other witnesses at the school clearly witnessed a NUMBER of additional gunmen.

-From *'COVER-UP BEGINS TO UNRAVEL'*

An article posted on the internet nearly a month before the tragedy:

"I'm a computer scientist, not an intelligence agent. Remember that. The information came from my/our contacts within the NSA and CIA, confirmed by others in MI6, later.

"The word we got on 9/9/99 was another school shooting, which hopefully we have destroyed. However, they always have a plan 'B', and we are hearing rumors of another Oklahoma City, ordered by George Bush Sr. Every high school in the Denver metro area, and in the Dallas Texas area will be on high alert on that date, so hopefully nothing will happen.

"The nuking was supposed to be going on on 9/11/99, but that seems to be up in the air, as well. We have managed to expose their plans quite publicly, so hopefully we can stop some of this evil. Pass the word to everyone you possibly can out there."

August 27th & 28th, 1999

• •

Numerous people from around the country have reported to Mr. John Quinn that they saw a large, blue "NATO" truck located on the Columbine High School grounds at about 11:30 a.m. It was shown from a helicopter. The cameraman zoomed in and immediately the video feed was cut.

One source told CRTF, "I remember seeing a large vehicle -- blue, black -- I remember it being dark in color, as for blue or black I am not positive regarding the color. However I do remember seeing 'NATO' on the truck and I remember the shield on the vehicle." The words "NATO" were imprinted on a shield on the front of the vehicle.

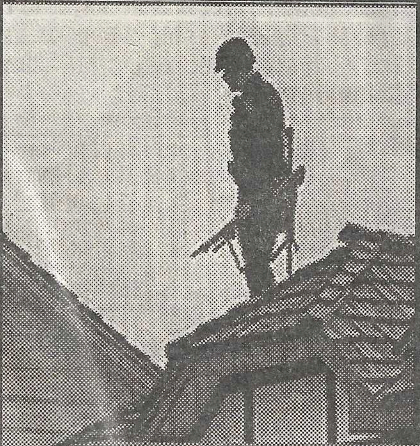
Others reported seeing "NATO" SWAT personnel. A news video tape was sent by a source to Mr. Quinn which showed these men with "NATO" inscriptions in white on their uniforms/body shields. Quinn says the uniforms/shields do in fact appear to say "NATO", although the video is of poor quality.

As bizarre as the NATO reports are, we feel they are completely credible since dozens of people initially reported to John Quinn the same facts independently, and some facts that had not yet been released by Quinn were corroborated independently by various people. Whether the North Atlantic Treaty Organization was present seems unlikely and remains unconfirmed.

Sgt. Mark Lewis of the Denver Police Department offered us this explanation, "...could it have been NTOA, which stands for National Tactical Officers Association?"

-Taken from the CRTF website, *'The Complete Chronological Report'*

Questions...



Though SWAT teams claimed not to have fired at the school, at least one resident found spent shell casings in his gutters and yard after sharp shooters had been positioned on his roof.

"Beyond the two dead gunmen, students described seeing another youth dressed in a white shirt throwing bombs that looked like soda cans. A youth matching that description later was seen being led away by police," reported USA Today.

- Someone unnamed in the sheriff's office, a friend of Harris' father terminated other officers' work on a search warrant for the Harris home some 14 months before the Columbine shootings, when Wayne Harris allegedly found a pipe bomb made by his son.
- Sheriff's investigators failed to follow up on numerous complaints by the family of student Brooks Brown that Harris was dangerous. The Browns gave sheriff's officers a hard copy of violent threats made on Harris' Web site.
- Sheriff's commanders ordered officers who had gone into the school to evacuate and forced hundreds of other officers and paramedics to remain outside for hours.
- People trapped inside the school were ordered — some of them repeatedly, for hours — to stay where they were because help was on its way and would arrive within minutes, which wasn't true.
- Although students and teachers in a science classroom with Dave Sanders hung a sign in the window saying "1 BLEEDING TO DEATH" and repeatedly spoke by telephone with officials, their pleas for help were disregarded for hours.
- Sanders easily could have been rescued through windows on two sides of the classroom.
- Although officials knew for hours of Sanders' location and condition, he was the last person in the school reached by medical help.
- A sharpshooter on the roof of a nearby house told officials at noon that he had a clear shot at Klebold through a library window, but was ordered not to fire.
- Authorities issued orders against the use of battering rams, sledgehammers and rappelling gear that might have gained police entry into the school.
- A student eyewitness said they were shot at DIRECTLY in the school's lower level during the first stages of the assault. This witness did clearly see THREE GUNMEN in the cafeteria area.
- At least ONE of these gunmen, dressed in black, DID have a MASK on. This individual was able to in fact exit the school early on during the unfolding horror.
- Glass doors at the front end of the school had ALREADY been shot out as a group of students made their way out of the school building, even though they had left the gunmen behind them. As the group of at least THREE gunmen was still BEHIND this exiting group of students, Others were shot at by what would have to be a "FOURTH" gunman and perhaps still other gunmen at this end of the school.
- A student witness, after exiting the school and vacating school property, ran RIGHT PAST some unidentified federal law enforcement personnel already on the scene and was NOT intercepted or communicated with in ANY WAY by said personnel!
- There were shell casings from a high caliber weapon found on the roof of the school where a "sniper" or gunman was seen early on. It seems odd, however, that a SWAT member would be on the roof of the school firing -- or inside of the school firing off bursts of fully automatic fire around numerous students who remained inside. In fact, there is no plausible explanation as to why any SWAT team member would fire any rounds inside the school, especially if the gunmen were dead by 12:05 a.m.

...Still Unanswered

The Truth about FBI agent, Dwayne Fuselier...

Dwayne Fuselier head negotiator of Montana "Freemen" stand-off in 1996 is heading up FBI investigation into the Columbine shooting.

His youngest son currently attends Columbine High, & his eldest son graduated two years ago. The eldest was directly related to creation of a 1997 school video that depicted trench-coat dressed figures using weapons in a display of fiery destruction depicting the demise of Columbine High.

More From the News...

Throughout the day, it was reported by officials that 25 people were probably dead. That total turned out to be 15. A Denver Post article on April 21 stated, "'I've heard numbers as high as 25' deaths, said Jefferson County Sheriff John Stone, adding that 17 were confirmed." (17 were confirmed?) The article went on to say, "By 3:45 p.m., shots still rang out inside the school."

"One male student said he and three friends grabbed 'all the kids we could' and hid in a very small room -- as many as 60 of them in all. 'Then, after that, we just had to walk out over all the dead bodies,'" said a CNN report. It must be noted that there were no official reports of deaths in the halls of the school. The only deaths occurred in the library, outside the school, and one in a science room. Therefore, how is it possible that those hiding in the "very small room" made their way out into the halls and had to "walk out over all the dead bodies"?

It is possible if more than 15 people actually died.

"Jonathan Vandermark, 16, a sophomore, said he passed three bodies in a stairwell as he and other students were rescued from the biology lab by a SWAT team," said The Denver Post on April 20th, indicating further that unknown bodies were seen inside the school. The Denver Rocky Mountain News reported, "Inside the school, Jonathan Vandemark's biology class turned over tables for protection.

The 16-year-old saw the shooters set off flares inside the school, and smoke filled the halls. He and his classmates watched the television inside their classroom, and stayed there until a SWAT team ordered them out. They walked downstairs, past three bodies, bodies of students. Vandermark was sure of that: 'They still had their backpacks on,' he said...There were dozens dead in the halls of Columbine High School."

Salon.com writer and Denver resident David Cullen reported on the 21st, "Colorado authorities lowered the death count from 25 to 16 Wednesday."

A witness told a Denver investigator that as he made his way through the halls of the school he passed bodies dressed in black "ninja" clothing.

Who Is This?

Shocking statements from local Denver physician William Deagle, physician for the Englewood Fire Department, and present at Columbine on April 20th. Excerpts are from Dr. Deagle's February 20th, 2000, video-taped testimony:

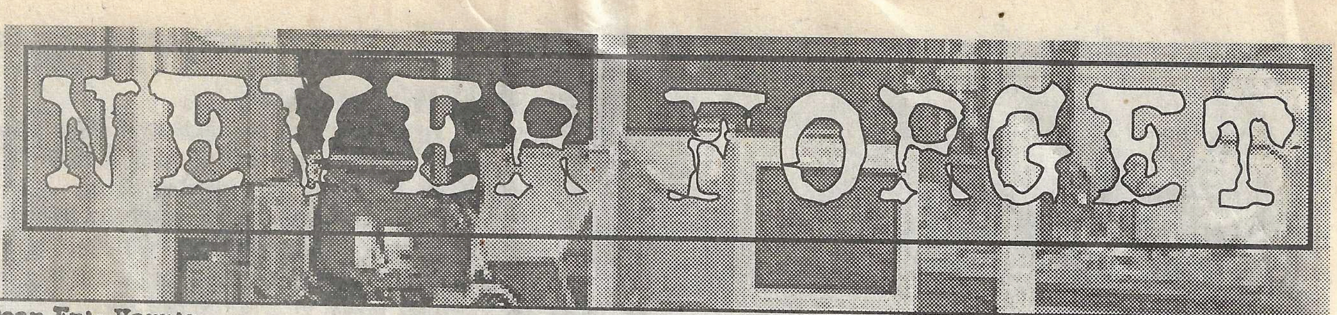
"The fact is, Jefferson County sheriffs threatened my firefighters with deadly violence if they tried to rescue Mr. [Dave] Sanders. They were told if they tried to enter the building they would be shot.

"There were BATF in the building. I have three children's accounts -- three -- that were shot, that I personally interviewed, that said [the BATF] were shooting children. There were Denver SWAT teams inside the building at the time of the shooting that didn't engage them.

"I had firefighters crying in my office telling me how they arrived in eight minutes and were willing to go in without a kevlar flak jacket and helmet and were told, 'If you go in, we'll shoot you.'"

COLUMBINE
HIGH SCHOOL
SHOOTINGS
ON
HITLER'S BIRTHDAY
15

NEVER FORGET



Dear Eric Harris,

Our paths never crossed in the confusing web of life for reasons I'll never know. When I first heard your name and saw your picture up on the TV screen, I could not think bad of you. I went to school and had endless talks with my classmates who said how terrible of a deed yours was. Still I could not think bad of you. I read the newspaper stories and listened to the programs on TV and heard the laments of your fellow classmates and the families of the victims. You, Eric Harris, are the true victim. You're the victim of society's pecking order and your own chosen path. What you did was not wrong by any stretch of the imagination because you did not think it was wrong. May your soul never have to feel that pain again and never doubt itself. Find the peace you have been looking for because never was there a soul who deserved it more.

With much Love and due Respect,

Angel Girl

REB's Memorial to Eric Harris and Dylan Klebold

Hello people, REB here. I'm a friend of Eric and Dylan. I was closer to Eric than I was to Dylan. I love and miss Eric terribly! Eric and Dylan got their revenge on the jocks who made fun of them, and people they hated. Now people won't make fun of others for the fact that they are afraid that what happened at Columbine could happen to them. I don't condone killing. I told Eric that no matter what he did I would back him up more than 100 percent. That's what I do for my friends. I support Eric and Dylan, as well as their family and friends. The Columbine Shootings is a tragedy, all we can do now is learn from them!

Kien Mitleid - - REB

PAIN: If you don't know what it's like to face peer-group ridicule -- the scathing insults, jeering laughs, painful physical attacks and the thousand minor frustrations that come with not being the top of the schoolyard food chain, count yourself lucky. The rest of us have known, and the knowing makes it worse because we can understand.

WHAT: There were many tactile things left to scrutinize, some as yet to be deciphered. Some of the pre-incident evidence was pretty stark: odd behavior, anger management, anti-depressants and death-threats. What happened in Littleton is a wake-up call.

WHERE: Columbine High School. It's a name that will be on the tip of our tongues for a while to come. Littleton, Colorado students pressed to have the school forever closed. I would too. Would you want to -- as a young adult -- have to step foot in those halls knowing that previous students had bled their lives away there? The school reopened August 16th, 1999. Thoroughly remodeled, the areas where the rampage occurred don't resemble the old Columbine at all, a fact met with mixed reactions from the kids who attended the school. The library where the main bulk of killing occurred has been completely walled over. Hidden forever. Dylan and Eric's lockers have been passed on to random students.

WHO: A group of social outcasts from Columbine High who flocked together to seek some solace in the sea of pecking orders and cliques.

WHEN: According to the diary Denver police turned up, the 'when' started at least a year ago, planning-wise. If you were to ask me, I'd say the "when" began much further back than that.

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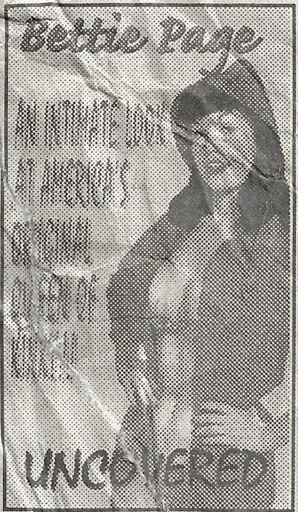
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"Columbine is a clean, good place except for those rejects,"... Most kids didn't want them there there. They were into witchcraft. They were into voodoo dolls. Sure, we teased them. But what do you expect with kids who come to school with weird hairdos and horns on their hats? it's not just jocks; the whole schools' disgusted with them. They're a bunch of homos, grabbing each other's private parts. If you want to get rid of someone, usually you tease' em. So the whole school would call them homos.....

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